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THE

ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY,

AND

Other Poems.

BY

CHARLES SANGSTER.

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KINGSTON, C. W.  
JOHN CREIGHTON AND JOHN DUFF.

NEW YORK:  
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AUBURN:  
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TO  
JOHN SINCLAIR,  
MY FRIEND AND CORRESPONDENT  
OF MANY YEARS,

*This Volume is Dedicated,*

BY HIS FRIEND,

CHARLES SANGSTER.

KINGSTON, C. W., *June*, 1856.



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## CORRECTION.

Stanza xxviii "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," first, line for "*you* queenly Moon," read "*yon* queenly Moon."



## POEMS.

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### THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY.

#### I.

THERE is but one to whom my hopes are clinging,  
As clings the bee unto the morning flower,  
There is but one to whom my thoughts are winging  
Their dove-like passage through each silent hour :  
One who has made my heart her summer bower.  
Feeling and passion there forever bloom  
For her, who, by her love's mysterious power,  
Dispels the languor of my spirit's gloom,  
And lifts my dead heart up, like Lazarus from the tomb.

#### II.

MAIDEN ! from whose large, intellectual eyes,  
My soul first drank love's immortality,  
Plume my weak spirit for its chosen skies,  
'T would falter in its mission without thee.  
Conduct its flight ; and if its musings be  
Oft'ner of earth than heaven, bear awhile  
With what is native to mortality :

A\*

It dare not err exulting in thy smile :  
Look on it with thine eyes, and keep it free from guile.

## III.

The bark leaps love-fraught from the land ; the sea  
Lies calm before us. Many an isle is there,  
Clad with soft verdure ; many a stately tree  
Uplifts its leafy branches through the air ;  
The amorous current bathes the islets fair,  
As we skip, youth-like, o'er the limpid waves ;  
White cloudlets speck the golden atmosphere,  
Through which the passionate sun looks down, and  
                  graves  
His image on the pearls that boil from the deep caves,

## IV.

And bathe the vessel's prow. Isle after isle  
Is passed, as we glide tortuously through  
The opening vistas, that uprise and smile  
Upon us from the ever-changing view.  
Here nature, lavish of her wealth, did strew  
Her flocks of panting islets on the breast  
Of the admiring River, where they grew,  
Like shapes of Beauty, formed to give a zest  
To the charmed mind, like waking Visions of the Blest.

## V.

The silver-sinewed arms of the proud Lake,  
Love-wild, embrace each islet tenderly,

The zephyrs kiss the flowers when they wake  
At morn, flushed with a rare simplicity ;  
See how they bloom around yon birchen tree,  
And smile along the bank, by the sandy shore,  
In lovely groups—a fair community !  
The embossed rocks glitter like golden ore,  
And here, the o'erarching trees form a fantastic bower.

## VI.

Red walls of granite rise on either hand,  
Rugged and smooth ; a proud young eagle soars  
Above the stately evergreens, that stand  
Like watchful sentinels on these God-built towers ;  
And near yon beds of many-colored flowers  
Browse two majestic deer, and at their side  
A spotted fawn all innocently cowers ;  
In the rank brushwood it attempts to hide,  
While the strong-antlered stag steps forth with lordly  
stride,

## VII.

And slakes his thirst, undaunted, at the stream.  
Isles of o'erwhelming beauty ! surely here  
The wild enthusiast might live, and dream  
His life away. No Nymphic trains appear,  
To charm the pale Ideal Worshipper  
Of Beauty ; nor Neriads from the deeps below ;  
Nor hideous Gnomes, to fill the breast with fear :  
But crystal streams through endless landscapes flow,  
And o'er the clustering Isles the softest breezes blow.

## LYRIC TO THE ISLES.

Here the Spirit of Beauty keepeth  
Jubilee for evermore ;  
Here the Voice of Gladness leapeth,  
Echoing from shore to shore.  
O'er the hidden watery valley,  
O'er each buried wood and glade,  
Dances our delighted galley,  
Through the sunlight and the shade—  
Dances o'er the granite cells,  
Where the Soul of Beauty dwells :

Here the flowers are ever springing,  
While the summer breezes blow ;  
Here the Hours are ever clinging,  
Loitering before they go ;  
Playing round each beauteous islet,  
Loath to leave the sunny shore,  
Where, upon her couch of violet,  
Beauty sits for evermore—  
Sits and smiles by day and night,  
Hand in hand with pure Delight.

Here the Spirit of Beauty dwelleth  
In each palpitating tree,  
In each amber wave that welletth  
From its home, beneath the sea ;  
In the moss upon the granite,  
In each calm, secluded bay,

With the zephyr trains that fan it  
With their sweet breaths all the day—  
On the waters, on the shore,  
Beauty dwelleth evermore!

## VIII.

Yes, here the Genius of Beauty truly dwells.  
I worship Truth and Beauty in my soul.  
The pure prismatic globule that upwells  
From the blue deep; the psalmy waves that roll  
Before the hurricane; the outspread scroll  
Of heaven, with its written tomes of stars;  
The dew-drop on the leaf: These I extol,  
And all alike—each one a Spirit-Mars,  
Guarding my Victor-Soul above Earth's prison bars.

## IX.

There was a stately Maiden once, who made  
These Isles her home. Oft has her lightsome skiff  
Toyed with the waters; and the velvet glade,  
The shadowy woodland, and the granite cliff,  
Joyed at her footsteps. Here the Brigand Chief,  
Her father, lived, an outlaw. Her soul's pride  
Was ministering to his wants. In brief,  
The wildest midnight she would cross the tide,  
Full of a daughter's love, to hasten to his side.

## X.

Queen of the Isles! she well deserved the name:  
In look, in action, in repose a Queen!

Some Poet-Muse may yet hand down to fame  
Her woman's courage, and her classic mien ;  
Some Painter's skill immortalize the scene,  
And blend with it that Maiden's history ;  
Some Sculptor's hand from the rough marble glean  
An eloquent Thought, whose truthfulness shall be  
The expounder of her worth and moral dignity.

## XI.

On, through the lovely Archipelago,  
Glides the swift bark. Soft summer matins ring  
From every isle. The wild fowl come and go,  
Regardless of our presence. On the wing,  
And perched upon the boughs, the gay birds sing  
Their loves : This is their summer paradise ;  
From morn till night their joyous caroling  
Delights the ear, and through the lucent skies  
Ascends the choral hymn in softest symphonies.

## XII.

The Spring is gone—light, genial-hearted Spring !  
Whose breath gives odor to the violet,  
Crimsons the wild rose, tints the blackbird's wing,  
Unfolds the buttercup. Spring that has set  
To music the laughter of the rivulet,  
Sent warm pulsations through the hearts of hills,  
Reclothed the forests, made the valleys wet  
With pearly dew, and waked the grave old mills  
From their calm sleep, by the loud rippling of the rills.

## XIII.

Long years ago the early Voyageurs  
Gladdened these wilds with some romantic air;  
The moonlight, dancing on their dripping oars,  
Showed the slow batteaux passing by with care,  
Impelled by rustic crews, as debonnair  
As ever struck pale Sorrow dumb with Song:  
Many a drooping spirit longed to share  
Their pleasant melodies, that swept among  
The echo-haunted woods, in accents clear and strong.

## XIV.

See, we have left the Islands far behind,  
And pass into a calm, pellucid Lake.  
Merrily dance the billows! for the wind  
Rises all fresh and healthful in our wake,  
Up start large flocks of waterfowl, that shake  
The spray from their glossed plumage, as they fly  
To seek the shelter of some island brake;  
Now like dark clouds they seem against the sky,  
So vast the numbers are that pass us swiftly by.

## XV.

Merrily dance the billows! Cheerily leaps  
Our fearless bark!—it loves to skim the sea,  
The River and the Lake, when o'er them sweeps  
The swift unwearied billow fearlessly.  
Stretches its spotless sail!—it tightens—see!  
How the wind curves the waters all around,

Ploughing into their bosoms fitfully.

Hark to the tempest's dismal shriek ! its bound,  
Like to an earthquake, makes the river's depths resound.

XVI.

Through the dense air the terror-stricken clouds  
Fly, tortured by the pursuing hurricane.  
Fast bound the milky billows—the white shrouds  
That wind around the mariner on the main.  
Nay, shrink not, dark-eyed one ! they weave no chain  
For us—we're free ! Ha ! ha ! our gallant bark  
Spurns the white wave with eloquent disdain ;  
She laughs to scorn the waters wild and dark,  
She revels in the Storm, the Tempest loves to mark.

XVII.

Hoarsely reverberates the thunder loud  
Through the charged air. The fiery lightnings leap  
Forth, from their mystic dwelling in the cloud ;  
Electric shafts through all the heavens sweep,  
And penetrate the surface of the deep,  
Like flaming arrows from the bow of wrath,  
Shot down some dark and cloud-pavillioned steep ;  
Each red-hot bolt the fearful power hath  
To scatter blight and death along its burning path.

XVIII.

A wild joy fills my overburdened brain.  
My ears drink music from each thunder peal.

I glory in the lightnings and the rain.  
There is no joy like this! With thee to feel  
And share each impulse, makes my spirit kneel.  
Sing to me, love! my heart is pained with bliss!  
Thy voice alone can quicken and unseal  
The inner depths of feeling. Grant me this:  
Flood me with Song, and loose the founts of Happiness.

## HYMN TO THE LIGHTNING.

Oh! mighty, Oh! mysterious One!  
Thou willest, and the lightnings fly,  
Flame-winged and silent, through the sky,  
Outglowing the exultant sun.

Along the hills reverberates  
The eloquent, sonorous bass,  
Shaking the earth from place to place,  
Then heavenward to Thy temple gates,

Where every whisper, every tone  
Of music, from the earth, rolls in,  
Whether from putrid lips of sin,  
Or girdled by a prayerful zone.

Thy Voice is in the thunder cloud,  
Thy Presence in the lightning's fire—  
Breathings of an Almighty Ire,  
That wraps the heavens in a shroud

Of blinding light, before whose heat  
The granite mountains melt away,

And finite Man falls down to pray  
For mercy at his Maker's feet.

How Vast art Thou! how minute he!—  
A human tissue which a breath  
Can hurl from quickest life to death—  
An atom to Immensity.

Oh! wondrous Power! Oh! strength Divine!  
Oh! weak and insignific Man!—  
Weak here, but in the After-plan  
Not less eterne than Thee and Thine!

## XIX.

Mysterious power of Song! the lips of Love  
Make mellower music than a thousand strings  
Of harps. Thine eyes my grosser thoughts remove,  
But thy sweet voice doth give my spirit wings,  
As up the air melodious whisperings,  
Ethereal harmonies, divinely low,  
Float, like the echoes which the morning flings  
From the pleased valleys—hymns that upward flow,  
Warming the purple hills with praises as they go.

## XX.

Hast thou not heard upon a summer's eve  
The musical pulsations of the air?  
The voices of the mountain pines, that weave  
Their low complainings with the atmosphere?  
Thus, throughout Nature, floating everywhere,

Eternal symphonies, low, rich and deep,  
Pass from her Poet-lips. Her children hear  
And treasure up these lyrics, as they sweep  
With Zephyrus through the air, or visit them in sleep.

## XXI.

First, the sweet Idyls from the shepherd vales,  
Where Peace and rural Happiness abide ;  
Bird-hymns and wild rejoicings in the dales,  
Where the swart Peasant cheers his rustic Bride ;  
Anthems from solitary plains that glide  
To where the death-dirge wails along the sea ;  
Low chantings from the stars, and far and wide  
The Minstrel Breezes, meeting playfully,  
Rehearse their wanderings in Canzonet and Glee :

## XXII.

While the deep forest rolls its Psalmody  
Of Voices from its music-haunted aisles ;  
And the strong Choruses leap joyfully  
From hill to hill, or where the sunlight smiles  
Upon the mountain summits, tinging miles  
Of clouded crag and heaven-tinted air ;  
Last, the winged Tempest, from the long defiles  
Emerging, like a Lyric God, to share  
The genial Feast of Sounds that roused him from his lair.

## XXIII.

The Spirits of the Storm are all abroad ;  
Of various natures, good and bad, are they ;

Like mortal dwellers on this mundane clod,  
Some evil natures, others good, obey.  
As through the air they cleave their weird way,  
Their separate passions show : Some smite the trees,  
The innocent flowers, or the granite gray,  
Or in huge heaps uproll the shouting seas ;  
While others weep, as now, wrecked Nature's obsequies.

## XXIV.

In the far distance rolls the Thunder-Car,  
Faintly the echo of its wheels is heard ;  
No more is felt the elemental jar ;  
The Curtains of the Storm are gently stirred,  
And pushed aside ; and slowly, at the Word  
Of Him who placed it first within the cloud,  
A gorgeous rainbow rises. The dark bird  
Of night is on the wing ; it cries aloud ;  
And the white sea gull floats where erst the thunder  
ploughed.

## XXV.

The storm is lulled ; the heaving waves subside ;  
The lightning's flash grows fainter ; and the eye  
Can just perceive the silver girdle tied  
About the groups of pleasant Isles that lie  
Before us. Down the hurrying stream we fly,  
Like a white dove unto its nest. The eve  
Has closed around us, and the brightening sky

Yearns for the coming stars. Nobly we leave  
The Lake, and glide through scenes that Fairy hands  
might weave.

## XXVI.

Pale Hesper smiles upon us through the gloom,  
An unassuming Pioneer of Night,  
Like a chrysalis that had burst its tomb,  
And spread its gleaming pinions to the light.  
Soft moon-beams fall like love-looks on the sight,  
And earth and sky seem blending into one,  
Even as our hearts' deep virtues, love, unite,  
Like meeting pilgrims at the set of sun  
Grasping each other's hands, their joyous labors done.

## XXVII.

Mild Evening, like a pensive Vestal Nun,  
Sits veiled, lamenting for the truant Hours;  
The Day has sprung to heaven to seek the Sun,  
And left her weeping on her couch of flowers;  
Heaven's Angels, bearing moonlight to the bowers  
Where True love dwells, and Virtue sits enthroned,  
In golden urns collect the pearly showers,  
Singing sweet idyls, low and silver-toned,  
Till the enameled tears some cherub brow have zoned.

## TWILIGHT HYMN.

God of the early Morning light!

Whose Hand the Gates of Dawn unbars;  
God of the Evening and the Night!

Who guides the chariots of the stars :  
We thank Thee for the air we breathe,  
The waves that roll, the winds that rise,  
For all Thy wondrous works beneath,  
For all the glories of the skies.

We bless Thee for the soothing Calm  
That broods below the Evening's wings,  
We bless Thee for the Spirit-balm  
The gentle-footed Twilight brings.  
Promptings of Hope, and Joy, and Love,  
Exalt our minds and set them free,  
And Prayer-wreaths white as Aaron's Dove  
Ascend like incense up to Thee.

Gently the shades of Night come down,  
Glooming the Evening's silver gray,  
Pale Twilight puts aside her crown,  
And follows the dim Ghost of Day.  
So at the threshold of life's close,  
We tread the verge of heaven's goal,  
Peace, like a spirit, brings repose  
To the calm Twilight of the Soul.

## XXVIII.

There is no Twilight in yon queenly Moon.  
At least the philosophic vision ne'er,  
At midnight's solemn, thought-inducing noon,  
Could trace the existence of an atmosphere.  
No Twilight and no Song ! No blue sky, clear  
As Woman's purest and most crystal thought

Rising to heaven on the wings of prayer !  
No mountain echoes, like wild music, caught  
From Nature's hallowed lips, to waiting Genii taught.

## XXIX.

Its valleys know not either day or night ;  
Like mountain shadows darkening the plain  
They slumber on, unconscious of the light  
That falls on earth, like sun-thoughts on the brain.  
And yet we feel her presence, as the main  
Thrills to the diapason of the storm ;  
When the waves spring to their feet and join the strain,  
These mighty wrestlers a strong chorus form,  
And sing her praise, in tones deep, passionate and warm.

## XXX.

Yon rock, that felt the lightning's burning kiss,  
Has melted at the fervor of its breath,  
As it leaped, glowing, from the deep abyss,  
On wings of fire, to the distant heath,  
Shaking the firm foundations underneath.  
Yon shattered trunks that strew the watery way,  
Yon floating beds of flowers, where many a wreath  
Was woven by the storm, have felt the play  
Of the hot lightning's wings, whose touch is swift decay.

## XXXI.

And now 'tis Night. A myriad stars have come  
To cheer the earth, and sentinel the skies.

The full-orbed moon irradiates the gloom,  
And fills the air with light. Each Islet lies  
Immersed in shadow, soft as thy dark eyes ;  
Swift through the sinuous path our vessel glides,  
Now hidden by the massive promontories,  
Anon the bubbling silver from its sides  
Spurning, like a wild bird, whose home is on the tides.

## XXXII.

Here Nature holds her Carnival of Isles.  
Steeped in warm sunlight all the merry day,  
Each nodding tree and floating greenwood smiles,  
And moss-crowned monsters move in grim array ;  
All night the Fisher spears his finny prey ;  
The piney flambeaux reddening the deep,  
Past the dim shores, or up some mimic bay :  
Like grotesque banditti they boldly sweep  
Upon the startled prey, and stab them while they sleep.

## XXXIII.

Many a tale of legendary lore  
Is told of these romantic Isles. The feet  
Of the Red Man have pressed each wave-zoned shore,  
And many an eye of beauty oft did greet  
The painted warriors and their birchen fleet,  
As they returned with trophies of the slain.  
That race has passed away ; their fair retreat  
In its primeval liveness smiles again,  
Save where some vessel snaps the isle-enwoven chain :

## XXXIV.

Save where the echo of the huntsman's gun  
Startles the wild duck from some shallow nook,  
Or the swift hounds' deep baying, as they run,  
Rouses the lounging student from his book ;  
Or where, assembled by some sedgy brook,  
A pic-nic party, resting in the shade,  
Spring pleasedly to their feet, to catch a look  
At the strong steamer, through the watery glade  
Ploughing, like a huge serpent from its ambuscade.

## XXXV.

We have well-nigh outstripped the nimble breeze ;  
The silken sail incurves the pliant mast ;  
As flies the comet through the infinities,  
So speeds our darling shallop, lightning-fast.  
The merry Isles have floated idly past ;  
And suddenly the waters boil and leap,  
On either side the foamy spray is cast,  
Hoarse Genii through the shouting Rapid sweep,  
And pilot us unharmed adown the hissing steep.

## XXXVI.

The startled GALLOPPES shout as we draw nigh,  
The SAULT, delighted, hails our reckless bark,  
The graceful CEDARS murmur joyously,  
The vexed CASCADES threaten our little ark,  
That sweeps, love-freighted, to its distant mark.  
Again the troubled deep heaps surge on surge,

And howling billows sweep the waters dark,  
Stunning the ear with their stentorian dirge,  
That loudens as they strike the rocks' resisting verge.

## XXXVII.

And we have passed the terrible LACHINE,  
Have felt a fearless tremor thrill the soul,  
As the huge waves upreared their crests of green,  
Holding our feathery bark in their control,  
As a strong eagle holds an oriole.  
The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and hiss  
Of the fast-crowding billows, as they roll,  
Like struggling Demons, to the vexed abyss,  
Lashing the tortured crags with wild, demoniac bliss.

## XXXVIII.

MONT ROYALE rises proudly on the view,  
A Royal Mount, indeed, with verdure crowned,  
Bedecked with regal dwellings, not a few,  
Which here and there adorn the mighty mound.  
ST. HELENS next, a fair, enchanted ground,  
A stately Isle in glowing foliage dressed,  
Laved by the dark St. Lawrence all around,  
Giving a grace to its enamored breast,  
As pleasing to the eye as Hochelaga's crest.

## XXXIX.

I've stood upon yon Mountain when the sun  
Entered his cloud-built palace in the west,  
Like a proud, Royal Nimrod, who had won

His home, and doffed his richest-broidered vest.  
Beneath me, the vast city lay at rest ;  
Its great heart throbbing gently, like the close  
Of Day. A prayer lay folded in my breast,  
And from my lips in silence it uprose,  
For heaven's blessing on that city's calm repose.

## XL.

For there dwelt one, who, in my Boyhood's days,  
I loved with a deep passion. Many years  
Have sung around me the wild paraphrase  
Of life since then ; and I've shed bitter tears,  
And smiled heart-smiles ; known many hopes and  
fears ;  
But my Boy-love has stood the test of time,  
And ripened like her beauty. The fool leers  
At Love's sun mellowing fair Childhood's clime,  
Love, beauteous to the Child, to Man becomes sublime.

## XLI.

There was a joyousness within her eyes,  
Like the sun's light illumining the blue  
Of heaven, making earth a paradise.  
Gladness, like a celestial spirit passing through  
The gates of morn, rose white-winged on the view,  
Whene'er you looked upon her lovely face.  
Love sat upon her lips, and love's sweet dew  
Fell from them, leaving there a sunny trace,  
As 'f touched by angel's wings they caught angelic grace.

## XLII.

I could have mellowed in her light of Love,  
And breathed my soul out on her lips of Song !  
Afar off have I worshipped her, and strove  
With my pure passion day by day. How long  
Will my lone spirit wander through the throng  
Of human hearts until it lives in thine ?  
Know, Maiden, that my love is deep and strong  
As yonder Rapid, and as serpentine,  
Rock after rock it strikes, seeking a joy divine.

## CANZONET.

The balmy summer days are here,  
The Robin warbleth in the tree,  
But Summer, Spring, nor song-birds bring  
One note of love from thee.

The roses will put forth their buds,  
Green leaves adorn each ardent tree,  
But in my heart will never start  
One rose-bud hope for thee.

The sun leans down to kiss the flowers,  
To flush the blossoms of the tree,  
But to my love no carrier-dove  
Brings warmth and light from thee.

The happy woodlands throb with song,  
Music is breathed from tree to tree ;  
With Winter's fleece these songs will cease,  
But not my love for thee.

## XLIII.

The dancing current, like a happy child,  
Mellifluously laughs, as down the stream  
We glide, past many a cot and rural wild,  
Like visions mellowed by the moonlight's beam.  
We cannot stay for these ; a loftier theme  
Awaits us. See ! our shallop seems to feel  
The joyous impulse of our waking dream,  
And parts the waters with its anxious keel,  
Exulting in the joys that through our bosoms steal.

## XLIV.

Yet there are graceful landscapes thickly strewn  
Along these banks, to muse on and admire ;  
Here stands a maiden cottage all alone,  
There the low church extends its gleaming spire.—  
Scenes, where Arcadian dreamers might retire,  
And live in pastoral meditation, free  
From every low, inordinate desire.  
Yon group of dwellings—what felicity  
Speaks from their eloquent repose ! where even he

## XLV.

Of lonely Vaucluse might have sighed, and ne'er  
Been tempted by fair Psyche's winning smile  
From his pure love's Penelope. And here,  
VARENNES, like a fair Eden purged from guile,  
Sits smiling on the night ; yon aged pile  
With its bright spires reposing on its breast.

Yonder, the HOLY MOUNTAIN OF ROUVILLE,  
Like a huge cloud that had come down to rest,  
Looms far against the sky, and on its sombre crest

## XLVI.

Shineth the Pilgrim's Cross, that long hath cheered  
The weary wanderer from distant lands,  
Who, as his stately pinnace onward steered,  
Bless'd his Faith's symbol with uplifted hands.  
Swift through the RICHILEAU! Past the white sands  
That spangle fair BATISCAN's pleasant shore  
We glide, where fairy dwellings dot the strands;  
How gracefully yon aged elms brood o'er  
The shrubbery that yearneth for their mystic lore,

## XLVII.

When the winds commune with the tell-tale limbs,  
And many-voicéd leaves. That is ST. PIERRE,  
Where the tall poplars—which the night bedims,  
Lift their sharp outlines through the solemn air.  
Past these white cottages to L'AVENIR,  
Another site of beauty. Lovelier yet  
THE PLATEAU, slumbering in the foliage there;  
And gay CAP SAINTE, like a Wild Love, beset  
With wooers, bringing gems to deck her coronet.

## XLVIII.

The Whippoorwill, among the slumberous trees,  
Flingeth her solitary triple cry

Upon the busy lips of every breeze,  
That wafts it in wild echoes up the sky,  
And through the answering woods, incessantly.  
Surely some pale Ophelia's spirit wails  
In this remorseless bird's impassioned sigh,  
That like a lost soul haunts the lonely dales!  
Maiden, sing me one of thy pleasing madrigals.

## THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Ere the dawn, one morning early,  
Jeannie tripped the meadows o'er,  
Passing by the fields of barley,  
By the cottage at the shore:  
"There his faith was pledged and broken,  
'Neath yon tree beside the Mill!"  
From the tree, when she had spoken,  
Came a dismal "Whip-poor-will!"  
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"  
From the tree beside the Mill  
Piped the doleful Whippoorwill.

"Truly," Jeannie said, "poor Willie?  
He was false to heaven and me;  
He was false, and I was silly,  
Yet the bird sings heartlessly.  
Nevermore we'll sit at gloaming,  
'Neath the tree beside the Mill;  
Willie's heart has gone a-roaming!"  
Quoth the harsh bird—"Whip-poor-will!"

“Whip-poor-will ! Whip-poor-will !”

From the tree beside the Mill  
Piped the doleful Whippoorwill.

Jeannie’s heart was all compassion,

Jeannie’s lips a pardon sighed ;

“Absent loves are all the fashion !”—

“Whip-poor-will !” the rude bird cried,

From the pasture tripped the Maiden,

With her foamy milking pail,

Every roaming breeze was laden

With the strange bird’s heartless wail :

“Whip-poor-will ! Whip-poor-will !”

In the tree beside the Mill

Piped the doleful Whippoorwill.

From the cottage by the river

Truant Willie, blushing, came,

Jeannie’s heart would still misgive her,

Though he softly spake her name :

“Ever since that evening, Jeannie,

That we parted at the Mill,

All the night long, bright or rainy,

Shrieked that noisy Whippoorwill.”

“Whip-poor-will ! Whip-poor-will !”

From the tree beside the Mill

Piped the saucy Whippoorwill.

On the Maiden’s lips paused Willie,

Jeannie never asked the cause,

But all patience, like a silly  
 Little Maiden as she was,  
 Held her mouth up like a flower,  
 That her bee might sip his fill,  
 While the bird, with startling power,  
 Shrieked his wildest "Whip-poor-will!"  
 "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"  
 Nevermore beside the Mill  
 Piped that noisy Whippoorwill.

## XLIX.

Th' inconstant moon has passed behind a cloud,  
 CAPE DIAMOND shows its sombre-colored bust,  
 As if the mournful Night had thrown a shroud  
 Over this pillar to a hero's dust.  
 Well may she weep; hers is no trivial trust;  
 His cenotaph may crumble on the plain,  
 Here stands a pile that dares the rebel's lust  
 For spoliation: one that will remain—  
 A granite seal—brave Wolfe! set upon Victory's Fane.

## L.

QUEBEC! how regally it crowns the height,  
 Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!  
 Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,  
 The roar of cannon mingling with the moan  
 Of mutilated soldiers years ago,  
 That gave the place a glory and a name  
 Among the nations. France was heard to groan;

England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim—  
A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.

## LI.

WOLFE and MONTCALM! two nobler names ne'er  
graced  
The page of history, or the hostile plain ;  
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,  
Regardless of the danger or the pain.  
They pass'd unto their rest without a stain  
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.  
One graceful column to the noble twain  
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts  
The tear that Valor claims, and Feeling's self imparts.

## LII.

Far up the Golden Ladder of the Morn  
Had climbed the sun, upon the Autumn day  
That led me to these battlements. The corn  
Upon the distant fields was ripe. Away  
To the far left the swelling highlands lay ;  
The quiet cove, the river, bright and still ;  
The gallant ships that made the harbor gay ;  
And, like a Thought swayed by a potent Will,  
POINT LEVI, seated at the foot of the Old Hill :

## LIII.

What were the Gardens and the Terraces,  
The stately dwellings, and the monuments

Upreared to human fame, compared to these?  
Those ancient hills stood proudly ere the tents  
Of the first Voyageurs—swart visitants  
From the fair, sunny Loire—were pitched upon  
Wild Stadacona's\* height. The armaments  
Whose mighty thunder clove the solid stone,  
Defaced yon granite cape, that answered groan for groan.

## LIV.

Down the rough slope Montmorenci's torrent pours,  
We cannot view it by this feeble ray,  
But, hark! its thunders leap along the shores,  
Thrilling the cliffs that guard the beauteous bay;  
And now the moon shines on our downward way,  
Showing fair Orleans' enchanting Isle,  
Its fields of grain, and meadows sweet with hay;  
Along the fertile shores fresh landscapes smile,  
Cheering the watchful eye for many a pleasant mile.

## LV.

It seems like passing by some Fairy-realm.  
The cottages are whiter than the snow.  
Joy at the prow, and true love at the helm,  
Both heaven and earth smile on us as we go.  
Surely they never feel the breath of woe,  
The dwellers on this Isle. Spire after spire  
Points to the heav'n whose presence seems to glow

\* Stadacona—the original name for Quebec.

Within their happy bosoms who aspire  
To naught beyond their hearths, their own dear household fire.

## LVI.

Peace to their cheerful homes! where bless'd Content  
Reigns paramount throughout the circling year.  
A courteous, gentle race, as ever blent  
Religion with Simplicity. The cheer  
That greets the stranger who may wander here  
Glow with the zeal of hospitality.  
Peace to their quiet homes! where blanching fear  
Ne'er enters, nursed by jealous rivalry.  
From the world's bitter strife the Habitant is free.

## LVII.

The billowy River rolls its proudest wave,  
The zephyrs have fled, dancing, o'er the hills,  
And the winds tread the waters, wildly-grave,  
Like the Storm-Harpists gliding down the rills  
Of their own native mountains, 'gainst their wills.  
Brighter the moon above us; brighter all  
The patient stars, whose pensive beauty thrills  
Our yearning souls, like distant tones that fall  
On waiting ears hearkening for an Angel's call.

## LVIII.

Brighter the night, and whiter every cot  
And glancing spire that silvers in the moon;

Intensely glows each little garden plot ;  
The sparkling villages at random strewn  
Along the brooding shore, where Bacchus,\* boon  
Companion of the merry crowd, once held  
His regal court : his prudent subjects soon  
Stripped off his purple vestments, and rebelled,  
And wisely still disown the Monarch they expelled.

## LIX.

Now swiftly down towards the salt-breathed sea  
The cool wind wafts us, and we bid farewell  
To the lone Isle that slumbers on our lee ;  
Farewell, perchance, forever. Who can tell ?  
Years hence, in separate lands, our thoughts may  
    dwell,  
But for a little moment, on this night,  
And Memory may wake within her cell,  
And lead us here by this same starry light,  
Our long-divided souls, embracing, reunite.

## PARTING SONG.

Part ! the word must not be spoken !  
Part ! our hearts must ne'er be broken !  
Rivers meet and mix forever,  
Why are we, love, doomed to sever ?  
Oh ! the cruel, cruel anguish !  
How the senses droop and languish !

\* The Island of Orleans—once called the “ Isle of Bacchus ” from the abundance of its grapes, which have now entirely disappeared.

For the fiat may be spoken,  
And our hearts may both be broken !

Comes the Night, the Evening greeting,  
Ever thus behold them meeting ;  
But for us—what hope before us ?  
Not a star is shining o'er us ;  
But the heav'n of love is clouded,  
Wildly, darkly, blackly shrouded,  
For an iron tongue hath spoken,  
And our hope in hope is broken !

In my brain a fire is burning,  
Backward to my heart returning,  
And my nerves, that drooped to sadness,  
Are re-strung to desp'rate madness !  
Leap, ye burning thoughts that rend me,  
Let not Pity's voice befriend me !  
Curs'd the lips that lie hath spoken !  
For our hearts shall not be broken !

## LX.

CAPE TORMENTE lifts itself above the hills  
That gird it round about, like sentinels  
Guarding some great king's palace, whose grandeur fills  
Their hearts with pride and love. Up the steep dells  
Crawl the night-vapors, dimming the gray swells  
Of mount and hill that in the distance rise,  
Cloud-like and faint. Ev'n on those uplands dwells

The faithful Habitant ; and when he dies,  
His children, jealous of the ancient family ties,

## LXI.

Keep the old Homestead sacred. What a night !  
It must have borrowed somewhat of the day,  
In honor of thine eyes, love. The warm light  
That bathes yon church and village, is as gay  
And cheering as if the first golden ray  
Of morning's sun had pierced it with its beams.  
Some Recluse, yonder, keeps his holiday  
In that obscure ravine. Peace to his dreams !  
Uncursed with lust of gold, or wild, unholy schemes.

## LXII.

Still loftily looms the Cape ! Still proudly soar  
The vassal Hills—innumerable—vast !  
And majesty and beauty evermore  
Surfeit the sense with a divine repast.  
Another group of dwellings—'t is the last ;  
Another spire flashing above the trees  
That screen the little church. Our slender mast  
Leans to the gale, and while the glorious breeze  
Quickens our speed, look round, for there are charms to  
please

## LXIII.

On either hand. A dream it well might be :  
Hills rising here, and mountains looming there ;  
Islands reposing on a moonlit sea

With which the winds are toying ; everywhere  
The shores are bold, precipitous and fair.  
GROSSE ISLE sits dreamily-languid ; all around,  
Its subject-islands slumber. In the air  
The clouds have melted into light. No sound  
Stirs the sweet calm, save where the jovial billows bound.

## LXIV.

Press on, courageous bark !—the wind is fair,  
As it should ever be when Love sets sail  
Beneath such skies as these, whose glowing air  
Quickens our souls, as odors scent the gale.  
Soon will the stars be dim, the Moon grow pale,  
As with Orion down the dreamy west  
She wanders, like a Beauty, proud and frail,  
To where her lonely couch waits to be press'd,  
A fearful secret in her warm, voluptuous breast.

## LXV.

This Isle\* might guard the entrance to a sphere  
Of heavenly tranquillity ! The mind  
Puts off its weight of cares, for Beauty here  
Sits like a wondrous deity enshrined  
Among the hills. Oh, God ! but Thou art kind !  
ST. PAUL's delightful BAY, fit mirror for  
The stars, glows like a vision which the wind  
Wafts by some Angel standing on the shore,  
As bless'd as if he trod heaven's star-enameled floor.

\* Isle Aux Coudres—Filbert Island.

## LXVI.

The distant knolls are soft as midnight clouds  
 Filled with bright memories of departed day.  
 Like purple glories rolling up the woods,  
 This rugged wilderness which we survey  
 Extends in wild, magnificent array,  
 To regions rarely trod by mortal feet.  
 Ev'n here, love, though we would, we cannot stay ;  
 We cannot loiter near this calm retreat ;  
 The Morn approaches, and his fiery steeds are fleet.

## LXVII.

These two majestic hills\* kneel down to kiss  
 The village at their feet ; the cottages,  
 Pearl-like and glowing, speak of human bliss,  
 With a low, eloquent tongue. Fit symbols, these,  
 Of a diviner life—of perfect Ease  
 Allied to bless'd Repose. The church spire looks  
 Like a sweet promise smiling through the trees ;  
 While far beyond this loveliest of nooks,  
 The finely-rounded swells dream of the babbling brooks.

## LXVIII.

EBoullemens† sleeps serenely in the arms  
 Of the Maternal hill, upon whose breast  
 It lies, like a sweet, infant soul, whose charms

\* At Little St. Paul's Bay—one of the most delightful pictures on the route.

† A most delightful little village of this name, looking like a vision of Romance or Fairy-tale.

Fill some fond mother's bosom with that rest  
Caused by the presence of a heavenly guest.  
How coyly—close—it nestles ! how retired,  
Half conscious of its charms, and half oppress'd,  
As with a blushing sense of being admired ;  
As modest as a gem, with gem-like beauty fired.

## LXIX.

The stream reflects these cottages, like swans  
Reposing on its surface, or faint dreams  
But half remembered when the morning dawns,  
And tremulous sleep wakes with the day's first beams.  
Past the monotonous "CAPES."\* The moonlight  
gleams  
Full on the mossy slopes and banks that lie  
Along the silent shores, as well beseems  
So fair a region. Why, love, dost thou sigh ?  
But wherefore ask, loved one ? My own heart tells me  
why :

## LXX.

Our spirits are as one. The morning, love,  
Will part us. We have lived an age to-night.  
Love is immortal. Hope is from above.  
Sit nearer to me, for thine eyes are bright  
With tears. There is a fairer land in sight.  
Our love is sphered with truth. Eternity  
Will crown that love, if we but love aright ;

\*Le Caps.

If Love be Truth, indeed. Soft-eyed one ! we  
Must seek beyond the veil what here can never be !

## LXXI.

Welcome the granite sternness of MALBAIE !\*  
The last dim light of the declining moon  
Falls dimly on its rugged banks. The day  
Will shortly waken from its dreamy swoon ;  
His chariot long hath swept the sullen noon  
Of midnight ; and beneath our feet, the sun  
Rolls, flaming, towards the East. His fierce breath soon  
Along the undulating hills will run,  
Rousing the piney vales and forests, one by one.

## LXXII.

And Darkness, like a Fate, comes stealing down  
In her black mantle, step by step, until  
The trembling stars have dwindled down to one  
Pale, solitary watcher. Lone and chill  
Falls its meek glance on river, wood and hill.  
See, you can even mark its heart-beats, love !  
Each mortal has his mission to fulfil,  
Each planet is accountable to Jove,  
Both do His high behests, His sovereign Will approve.

## LXXIII.

I knew a man whose prayerful soul was set  
To a devotional music, like a psalm

\*Murray Bay.

Fresh from a Master-Artist's brain ; and yet,  
There came a time when his mind's starriest calm  
Was quenched in Unbelief. Once, like a palm  
He flourished, till deep thinking brought a doubt  
Of a Hereafter, and the Great I AM !

Like a new light, Faith slowly came, and out  
Of his dark world he strode, believing and devout.

## LXXIV.

So rolls the bright Dawn up the Orient,  
Out of the pitchy hour that precedes  
The flush of Day. Darkness was surely sent  
To make the Light more blessed. The heart bleeds  
That has been sown with Error—lo ! the seeds  
Have brought forth Truth. So Good from Evil springs  
And all is mystery. Our noblest deeds  
May bring us bitter fruits. Frail man who clings  
To Life, is perfected when Death reveals all things.

## LXXV.

The Morning Star has gone back into heaven,  
The Sun's light-footed Herald, the gray Dawn,  
Is passing upwards, and the dusk is riven  
By a warm tinge, like to a purple lawn,  
O'er which a misty saffron veil is drawn.  
But warmer is the rose-tint spreading now  
Along the dim horizon, erst so wan,  
Like Health returning to the pallid brow  
And cheek of some young sufferer, with a welcome glow.

## PÆAN TO THE DAWN.

In the East the blooming Angel,  
Morning, hov'reth, like a gorgeous rose,  
Waking many a fair Evangel  
From her heavenly repose.  
From her brow a radiant glory  
Falls, like fire from above,  
Telling the impassioned story  
Of God's everlasting love.  
Love's Angels ever walk their starry round,  
And each new Morn beholds Love newly crowned.

Love, that at the primal waking  
Of the Dawn in Eden's bowers,  
Wandered through the Garden, slaking  
His warm thirst from Eden's flowers ;  
And the same sweet Eden-nectar  
Flows wherever Love is found,  
Even when the midnight's spectre  
Treads upon earth's hallowed ground.  
Love's Angels ever walk their starry round,  
And with each Morning Love is newly crowned.

Blessed light of early Morning !  
At whose dawn the stars retire,  
With thy warmth our souls adorning,  
Fill us with love's ardent fire—  
With the love that comes from heaven,  
With the hope that soars on high,  
That our faults may all be shriven,

As thy splendors fill the sky.  
Love's Angels ever walk their starry round,  
And with each Morning Love is newly crowned.

Calmly is the River glowing,  
Like a burnished, crystal sea,  
Like pure thoughts forever flowing  
Heavenward eternally.  
Slowly up the distant mountains  
Rolls the changing purple screen,  
While the swift rills, from their fountains  
Leaping, clothe their sides with green.  
Love's Angels ever walk their starry round,  
And with each Morning Love is newly crowned.

O'er the earth Love's blooming Angels  
Loiter, hand in hand with Morn,  
Fair-browed, golden-crowned Evangels,  
Twin companions, heaven-born.  
Life, and Light, and Joy attending,  
Hymns and prayers salute their ears,  
Earth's sweet hallelujahs blending  
With the anthems of the spheres.  
Love's Angels ever walk their starry round,  
And with each Morning Love is newly crowned.

## LXXVI.

Like maid-wife waiting for her wedded lord,  
The morn waits for the sun with a flushed cheek.  
I hear the songs of birds; the breeze has stirred

Their dwellings, as it rustled from the peak  
Of yonder mountain with a playful shriek.  
Now my fair shallop, leap ! the blessed Day  
Opens its crystal gates, and up the meek  
And wan-faced sky the sun's darts cleave their way,  
As our bark cleaves the black and frowning SAGUENAY.

## LXXVII.

Mysterious Source of Light, triumphant Sun !  
A Royal Witness hast thou been to me  
Of th' existence of the Eternal One !  
But e'en thy light compared with Deity,  
Is as a dew-drop to the boundless sea.  
What Angel-plaudits from surrounding spheres  
Must have been echoed through infinity,  
When first above thy myriads of compeers  
Thou rodest, exulting o'er the starry charioteers.

## LXXVIII.

Couldst thou reveal the secret of thy birth,  
The pain and travail of thy Parent, Night,  
The worlds would glow with wonder, as the earth  
Glow with the fervor of thy glorious light.  
Roll on in all thy mystery and might !  
For thou art worthy of the Hand Divine  
That waded thee into being, in the sight  
Of His archangels, and the heavenly line  
Of saints, who, wondering, praised the Omnipotent  
Design.

## LXXIX.

In golden volumes rolls the blessed light  
Along the sterile mountains. Pile on Pile  
The granite masses rise to left and right :  
Bald, stately bluffs that never wear a smile ;  
Where vegetation fails to reconcile  
The parchéd shrubbery and stunted trees  
To the stern mercies of the flinty soil.  
And we must pass a thousand bluffs like these,  
Within whose breasts are locked a myriad mysteries.

## LXXX.

Here is a barren crag, at whose brown feet  
Patiently sits the church and gleams the spire.  
Commerce has found this a deserved retreat ;  
Here groan the mills, and there, the household fire  
Sends up its smoke above the struggling briar  
And dwarfish evergreens that grow between  
The stubborn rocks—that grow but to expire.  
Not here the thrifty farmer's face serene—  
The lumberer alone lends life to the grim scene.

## LXXXI.

No further evidence of life, save where  
The young whales bask their broad backs in the sun,  
Or the gay grampus, sportive as a hare,  
Leaps and rejoices, playfully as one  
In youth who sees some holiday begun.  
Perhaps a crowded steamer, passing by,

Lights up the scene a moment. Trebly dun  
The shades of sullen loneliness that lie  
On rugged L'Ance l'eau when no living thing is nigh.

## LXXXII.

Over the darkening waters ! on through scenes  
Whose unimaginable wildness fills  
The mind with joy insatiate, and weans  
The soul from earth, to Him whose Presence thrills  
All Beauty as all Truth. These iron Hills !  
In what profusion did He pile them here,  
Thick as the flowers that blossom where the rills  
Chant to the primal woods. Year after year  
In solitude eternal, rapt in contemplation drear.

## LXXXIII.

Dreaming of the old years before they rose  
Triumphant from the deep, whose waters roll'd  
Above their solemn and unknown repose ;  
Dreaming of that bright morning, when, of old,  
Beyond the Red Man's memory, they told  
The Secrets of the Ages to the sun,  
That smiled upon them from his throne of gold ;  
Dreaming of the bright stars and loving moon,  
That first shone on them from the Night's impressive  
noon :

## LXXXIV.

Dreaming of the long ages that have passed  
Since then, and with them that diminished race

Whose birchen fleets these inky waters glassed,  
As they swept o'er them with the wind's swift pace.  
Of their wild legends scarce remains a trace ;  
Thou hold'st the myriad secrets in thy brain,  
Oh ! stately bluffs ! As well seek to efface  
The light of the bless'd stars, as to obtain  
From thy sealed, granite lips, tradition or refrain !

## LXXXV.

But they are there, though man may never know  
Their number or their beauty. Pass the eye  
Along the ever-looming scene, where'er we go,  
Through these long corridors of rock and sky—  
What startling barriers, rising sullenly  
From the dark deeps, like giants, seem to place  
An adamant gateway, close and high,  
To bar our progress ; meet them face to face,  
The magic doors fly open, and the rocks recede apace.

## LXXXVI.

Hills piled on rugged hills ! But see, how drear,  
And with what startling solitariness,  
The TETE DE BOULE looms yonder ! Cold and clear  
In isolated grandeur, the huge mass,  
Like the stern Magi of this granite pass,  
He stands amid-stream, thoughtfully apart  
From his far-off companions. Once, alas !  
I knew a stately soul, with lone, sad heart,  
And thus to me he sung—that mountain's counterpart :

## VANISHED HOPES.

I've supped with depression and feasted with sorrow,  
The hot tears of anguish have withered my heart ;  
And now, death might strike down my last hope  
to-morrow,  
Not one tear is left me to deaden his dart.

From youth up to manhood a scourge was upon me,  
Few roses of pleasure have bloomed in life's crown ;  
No rainbow of promise wherein I might sun me,  
The grasp of a fate is still bearing me down.

And thus like a tree in the lone desert—blasted,  
Dry, leafless and withered—dead, sapless and bare,  
I long for love's sweet dew, once mine, now untasted,  
And stand like a wretch stricken dumb with despair !

## LXXXVII.

Not often these imperishable hills  
Are startled by the cheering Voice of Song.  
Swift flies our fleet bark onward, ev'n as rills  
Leap, crystal-footed, like starbeams, along  
Steep mountain sides, that, resolute and strong,  
Heed not their graceful steps. There is no sign  
Of human habitation seen among  
These heaven-reaching bluffs ; no beach supine,  
Or banks inviting, where the weary might recline.

## LXXXVIII.

One solitary sea gull hovering,  
Like an adventurous spirit, o'er the deep,

And he, too, glides as silent on the wing  
As a child's thoughts of heaven. Parched and steep,  
The red-browed mountains slumber, like the sleep  
Of a drugged giant—dreamless, deep and wild.  
A few dwarfed pines and impish cedars creep  
Along the embrowned summits, half-beguiled  
By the warm sunbeams, where no foliage ever smiled.

## LXXXIX.

But as our restless shallop from her prow  
Scatters the liquid pearls in her mad haste,  
These naked boulders lag behind, and now  
The smiling hills with verdant life are graced.  
Like a lone star twinkling above the waste  
Of ocean, when the youthful mariner sees  
That the portentous storm has safely pass'd,  
Is yonder distant dwelling, where the breeze  
Frills the calm bay, and flirts with the coquetting trees:

## XC.

Slumbering at the base of two high rocks,  
It looks like Patience at the feet of Death.  
Or, fancy it some grave magician's box,  
Which, opened, wafts a pestilential breath  
Along the mountains, an invisible wreath  
Of subtlest essence, permeating through  
Their granite pores, sapping all life beneath,  
And robbing their bald summits of the blue  
And rich ærial tints, where the tall cedars grew.

## XCI.

A green delightful valley, sweetly smiles  
Close to those rocks, as if an Angel-path  
Led to the shore from the remotest hills,  
That lave their heads in an ambrosial bath  
Of vapors and warm sunlight, such as hath  
Been carried down from heaven in the urns  
Of ministering spirits. Free from scathe  
Is this sweet vale, where some fair sprite sojourns,  
In smiling contrast to the blasted mountain ferns.

## XCII.

Here, the dark pines clothe the steep mountain-side,  
There, heavy beetling cliffs, rugged and bald,  
Lift their gray heads above the sunny tide—  
Like the stern phantom of some Prophet-Scald  
Of the old time, by magic wiles enthralled :  
Full of his Scandinavian fire, and yet  
Spell-bound and silent, like a ghost appalled.  
A river, winding, like a rivulet,  
Through the thick woods and reverential hills, has set

## XCIII.

Its seal of freshness on the changeful wild.  
A stately ship lies anchored in the bay ;  
Like an Oasis to the Desert-child,  
It speaks of Life. No rocks can bar the way  
Where Love and Hope lend wings to human clay :  
The granite knots roll from us, like a cloud  
Of vapor up the sunny-minded Day,

When Morn looks down from heaven : They have  
bowed  
Their stubborn heads, and parted, like a daunted crowd

## XCIV.

Of evil spirits who have seen the sun.  
These hills lie mingled in a soft embrace,  
As if they felt the joy that makes us one  
When human hearts unite, and face to face  
Love looks on Love, discovering that trace  
Of Eden that yet lingers in the heart :  
Are they the offspring, love, of some old race  
Of mountains, that no Geologic art  
Can trace—no whisper of their deep old loves impart ?

## SONG.

Oh ! give me the love of your woman's heart,  
And the light of your cheerful eye !  
And the earth will change  
From a phantom strange  
To a heaven with stars and sky ;  
And the Sun of Hope  
Up the gleaming cope,  
Like the Genius of Love, will roll,  
And dark Night no more  
Will obscure the shore  
Where beckons Love's mystic Soul !  
For your love is as deep as the comet's sweep,  
When it reels from its astral lair,

And your looks as bright  
As the lustrous light  
The sun shakes from his golden hair.  
As pure as the hue  
Of the summer blue,  
That is warmed by the sunset's glow,  
Are the thoughts that rise  
In your cheerful eyes  
To banish the Demon, Woe.

I'd pillow my head on your snowy breast,  
And my heart, like a cymbal fine,  
Would throb with a tone  
That were Music's own,  
When it wakened a chord of thine :  
Then the Sun of Hope  
Up Life's gleaming cope,  
The true Genius of Love would roll,  
And dark Night no more  
Would obscure the shore  
Where beckons Love's mystic Soul.

## XCV.

Nature has here put on her royalest dress,  
And CAPE ETERNITY looms grandly up,  
Like a God reigning in the Wilderness  
Holding communion with the distant cope,  
Interpreting the stars' dreams, as they ope  
Their silver gates, where stand his regal kin.

Oh! for some special gift! to give full scope  
To the soul's promptings, so that I might win  
To earth some portion of the fire that burns within.

## XCVI.

A deep and overpowering solitude  
Reigns undisturbed along the varied scene.  
A wilderness of Beauty, stern and rude,  
In undulating swells of wavy green;  
Soft, airy slopes, bold, massive and serene;  
Rich in wild beauty and sublimity,  
From the far summits in their piney sheen,  
Down to the shadows thrown by rock and tree  
Along the dark, deep wave, that slumbers placidly.

## XCVII.

He, love, who flushed the daisy built the world.  
All things come perfect from His Master-hand.  
The stars, His Thoughts, through wide creation  
whirled,  
Down to the minutest monad of sand  
Upon the shore, in equal glory stand  
Before His sight. But Man, and man alone,  
He holds supremest of the works He planned:  
And yet, how like Earth's faintest monotone,  
Compared to Heaven's choir, he seems, when thrown

## XCVIII.

In puny contrast to a work like this.  
Slope after slope, wave after wave of light

And graceful foliage, which the sun's warm kiss  
Thrills, from the centre to the farthest height.  
The mind soars God-ward with a keen delight,  
And proudly beats the undisciplined heart,  
Rendering homage to the Infinite,  
As from the Cape's embrace the wild shapes start,  
Filling the soul with dreams that nevermore depart.

## XCIX.

A playful waterfall comes dashing down,  
As silvery as the laughter of a child  
Dancing upon the greensward, and the sun  
Scatters his golden arrows through the wild,  
Cleaving the molten-silver stream that smiled  
So lovingly upon his earliest beams.  
So unsuspecting Innocence, beguiled  
By Pleasures, soft as sunlight upon streams,  
Flies the swift darts that pierce the enamel of its dreams.

## C.

Is there a soul so dead to nature's charms,  
That thrills not here in this divine retreat?  
Love lures me evermore to Woman's arms,  
But here I kneel at Nature's hallowed feet!  
Love fills my being with a calm, replete,  
But regal Nature sets my spirit free  
With grateful praises to God's Mercy seat.  
Yet nature binds me closer, love, to thee:  
Ev'n as this dreamy Bay,\* in sweet felicity;

\* Trinity Bay—after passing Cape Eternity.

## CI.

Woos both the sun's light, and the cool shade  
Of the umbrageous woods to its embrace.  
What deep imaginings of Peace pervade  
Its heavenly repose, as Nature's face  
Peers down, in mild, unutterable grace,  
Like a calm Student seeking Pearls of Thought  
In some fair Beauty's mind, where he can trace  
Through her warm slumber, how her soul is fraught  
With pure deep Love, by heavenly inspiration taught.

## CII.

Strong, eager thoughts come crowding to my eyes,  
Earnest and swift, like Romans in the race,  
As in stern grandeur, looming up the skies,  
This Monarch of the Bluffs,\* with kingly grace,  
Stands firmly fixed in his eternal place,  
Like the great Samson of the Saguenay,  
The stately parent of the giant race  
Of mountains, scattered—thick as ocean spray  
Sown by the tempest—up this granite-guarded way.

## CIII.

My lips are mute. I cannot speak the thought  
That, like a bubble on the placid sea,  
Bursts ere it tells the tale with which 't is fraught.  
Another comes, and so, eternally,  
They rise in hope, to wander spirit-free

\* Trinity Rock—a stupendous mass of granite.

About the earth. 'T were best they should not break  
The Silence, which itself is ecstasy  
And Godlike Eloquence, or my frail voice shake  
A single echo, the expressive Calm to break.

## CIV.

Like tears of Gladness o'er a giant's face,  
The streams leap perpendicularly down  
The polished sides of the steep precipice,  
That glooms the waters with its sullen frown,  
Until they seem as massive as the brown,  
Bold, naked rock, that rears its swarthy crest,  
Its anatomic form, and triple crown  
Of granite, far above the earth's unrest,  
Claiming a lofty seat, like Truth made manifest.

## CV.

Let us return, love,\* for the goal is won.  
Here, by this Rock, 't is doomed that we must part,  
And part forever; for the glorious Sun  
Of Love, that quickeneth my earnest heart,  
Shines not for thee, alone. The Dream of Art  
That calms the happy Student's sweet repose,  
Is like our Dream of Love—the first swift dart  
Shot by young Phœbus from his chamber, goes  
Like lightning through his vision's blooming heart of rose.

\* Back to Trinity Rock.

## CVI.

Already thou art gone, with one last look  
Of love from those exalted eyes of thine,  
That cheered me as we read from nature's book  
Together, and partook of the divine  
Ambrosial draught of love's celestial wine.  
Another earnest being at my side!—  
Not her whose Girlhood's dreamy love was mine;  
Not her whose heart Affliction's fire has tried;  
Not her of the Artistic soul, and stately pride,

## CVII.

Who shook my being as the autumn winds  
Shake down the timid leaves. Loved-one! I hear  
The voice within syllabl'ing words that bind  
Our souls, and blend them for a nobler sphere  
Of usefulness and action—year by year  
Ascending in the scale of being, far  
Above the trifling mind's obscure career,  
And mounting to Perfection, like a star  
For whose triumphant flight heaven's crystalline gates  
unbar.

## CVIII.

My love is strong as yon enduring Rock!  
Deep as the thoughtful waters at its feet!—  
Oh! could my willing voice find words t' unlock  
Its depths, and free the sleeping echoes, fleet  
As the swift-footed chamois, they would greet  
The far-surrounding hills with such a tale

Of passion as had never left its seat  
Within the heart of man. The bounding gale,  
And the low-whispering breeze, should chant it to the  
vale.

## CIX.

And the dread Silence, seated on the brow  
Of the exalted Bluff, would start, and find  
An hundred tongues to utter vow for vow ;  
Startling the browsing elk and slumbering hind,  
In the resounding woods. Like Truth enshrined  
Within the well, so in my steadfast soul  
Love waited for thee, as the patient mind  
Waits for the coming thought that will extol  
Some lofty purpose struggling skyward to its goal.

## CX.

All, all is thine, love, now : Each thought and hope  
In the long future must be shared with thee.  
Lean on my bosom ; let my strong heart ope  
Its founts of love, that the wild ecstasy  
That quickens every pulse, and makes me free  
As a God's wishes, may serenely move  
Thy inmost being with the mystery  
Of the new life that has just dawned, and prove  
How unutterably deep and strong is Human Love.



# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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## SPRING.

The Spring is in the air,  
 I feel her spirit-kiss upon my lips,  
     I lay my forehead bare,  
 And the blood rushes to my finger-tips,  
 And back through the full veins of my glad heart:

Her purple breath is warm  
 In every pore of my encarmined cheek,  
     And through my limbs the storm  
 Of renewed life, no longer winter-weak,  
 Gives health and vigor to each vital part.

I fling my arms abroad,  
 And clasp the atmosphere unto my breast,  
     I feel the grassy sod  
 Beneath my feet springing from its long rest,  
 Like buried hopes arising in the soul:

The erewhile aged hills  
 With youth reanimate are fresh and green,  
     From their old lips the rills  
 Leap forth, like crystal images serene,  
 Pearl thoughts of wisdom bounding to their goal.

Close by the gray old stone  
Where sat the Boy, where lately paused the Man,  
A violet has blown—  
The eye of Pallas on the cheek of Pan—  
A blue-eyed infant at a giant's feet :

Over the meadows pass  
The bronzed butterflies and the wild bees,  
Searching in the young grass  
For the fresh daisies ; and the lilac trees  
Surfeit the odorous air with breathings sweet.

The fields are carpeted  
With amethystine hyacinthes ; the rose  
Peers from its leafy bed  
Along the ledge ; the purling brooklet flows  
Over the white sands to the lilies' side :

Here, in the apple tree,  
Where, surely as the spring time comes, is heard  
His soft, rich melody,  
The happy robin sits—a welcome bird,  
Waking the pulse to joy each morning tide.

The music of the bells  
Tinkling among the early shepherd flocks,  
In silvery pantings, swells  
Along the Orient, ere the saffron locks  
Of the proud sun have yellowed o'er the sea :

Scarcely a breath of air  
Quickens the thrilling silence of the vale ;

But the warm Spring is there,  
A thousand choirs her rosy presence hail,  
Stirring the heart-chords all to minstrelsy—

Rousing the organ-tone  
That peals melodiously through the old woods,  
Making the forests groan  
With music, shaking the deep solitudes  
Whose vigorous allelujahs rouse the morn :

The many-voicéd hills  
Take up the pæan, bearing it along  
Until the wild chant fills  
The vocal wilderness with solemn song :  
“Shout mighty forests ! for to-day is born

“The rosy-featured Spring !  
Shout your deep-chested pæans, till the bass,  
Upon the lightning wing  
Of startled Echo, fills the listening space  
With psalmy welcome to our light-robed Queen :

“Her breath is in the air,  
It floats upon the distant mountain peak,  
The strolling zephyrs bear  
Her loving kisses to each human cheek,  
And Spring reigns blandly o’er the wide demesne.”

## A POET'S LOVE.

Oh ! solitary heart !  
Companionless as the unresting sea ;  
And yet, how skilled thou art  
In Love's impenetrable mystery !

Like a coy maid,  
Whose love and virtue are her only dower,  
Thou seemest half afraid  
Of thy exhaustless and well-governed power.

Thy love is too serene,  
Exalted, and immortal, to be felt,  
Even by thy chosen queen,  
In whose cold arms thou couldst have ever dwelt,

Like a warm pearl  
Imprisoned in the granite's rayless breast.  
Oh ! heart, thou art no churl !  
But in Love's Golden Palace formed to rest.

Yes, love for love,  
Love like thine own, 't is all thou'st ever sought,  
But vainly hast thou strove,  
Like flushed youth after fame, and found it not.

Love watcheth evermore  
Within thee, from his cruel prison bars,  
Like Eleanor in her tower,  
Night-blooming Cereus longing for the stars.

I knew a noble youth,  
He was as timid as a Bengalee,  
But in his heart sat Truth,  
And Love sat at her feet, all modestly,

As blooms the violet  
Beneath the perfume of the queenly rose ;  
His being's tide was set  
Love-ward, like a flushed summer sunset's close.

And there was one he deemed  
All worthy of the worship of his soul ;  
One, who, in all things, seemed  
Born but to guide him to his vision's goal.

Hemmed in with Love,  
Like a fair island with a coral reef,  
His spirit soared above  
The world, like Joy exalted above Grief.

Love was his atmosphere,  
He breathed it as men breathe the southern balm ;  
His young mind, year by year,  
Grew upright as a Coromandel palm.

Her presence was his shield,  
Like the white plume of Henry of Navarre  
Upon the battle field,  
Where'er he look'd, there loomed his guiding star ▲

She was as fair  
And beautiful as the anemone,

Pure as the morning air  
Fresh from the mountain summits or the sea.

They loved their rural homes,  
And while she helped the aged cottage dame,  
He labored at huge tomes,  
And on his fane of love built spires of fame.

His were great visions now,  
Hers, the sweet joy to elevate his dreams ;  
Thought sat upon his brow,  
Upon her face a glory, such as beams

Upon an angel's face  
When a ripe Truth falls from some human brain,  
And wins the usurped place  
Where Error long had held its iron reign.

There came a gallant youth,  
All scent, and curls, and foppery and pride,  
Who knew no more of Truth  
Than the young infant of the year that died.

And he, too, spake of love,  
He spake of gold, and rank, of power and place,  
Of courts, where she might move,  
Like Love's fair Queen, amongst a Royal race.

Her simple ear was gained,  
Loud Flattery triumphed over modest Worth,  
And one great heart was pained  
To know that Perfidy still walked the Earth.

But 't is the Poet's doom,  
To nurse, unknowingly, some ripening pain,  
And as he paced his room,  
Lonely as Tycho on its herbless plain,

He did not curse the hand  
That plucked the lily from his mountain crags,  
Cursed not the human brand  
Flung loose to scourge him like Pandora's Plagues.

But in his mind still burned  
The embers of his love's funereal pyre ;  
The lesson he had learned,  
Bequeathed he to the world in words of fire :

---

" Well I knew a stately Maiden, flushed with Health's  
divinest glow,  
With a hand as warm as sunlight, and a heart as cold as  
snow.

" Many a softly-moulded accent floated from her perfect  
mouth,  
Syllabl'ing words as mellow as the fruitage of the South.

" Words that made my heart awaken, and my pulsing  
spirit bound,  
Every stricken chord of Feeling trembling with melodious  
sound.

" Oriental odors floated in her warm Sabeian breath,  
And I knew not they were filtered through an atmos-  
phere of Death.

“Sweetly did my dreams deceive me, like the babe’s  
upon the sea,  
When the noble ship’s endangered with a typhoon on  
the lee.

“And a glorious Hope reigned proudly, like a giant, in  
my heart,  
Falsely swearing by the Future, Love and he should  
never part.

“Oh ! with what a saintly glory the strong eye of man-  
hood beams,  
When the youthful soul is flooded with the languor of  
its dreams.

“How the world becomes Ideal, Nature’s beauties all  
laid bare,  
And a harmonizing fragrance fills the universal air.

“Morning wears a tenfold beauty, evening comes se-  
renely down,  
And at night each star is praying for the sin-endangered  
town.

“In the midnight, when the moonbeams warm the bosom  
of the earth,  
How divine the swift emotions springing into Godlike  
birth.

“Every drop of dew that trembles, glistening, on the  
pleaséd sight,  
Has an eye of sparkling beauty, looking upward through  
the night.

“Every zephyr, like a spirit, breathes a more delicious  
balm,

Every gust of wind that passes sings its animated psalm.

“To each memory-haunted nook a more exalted beauty  
clings,

And the summer flies make music with the motions of  
their wings.

“The anthem of the thunder falls in organ peals upon the  
brain,

And the passionate clouds smile lightnings through the  
weepings of the rain.

“To the perfect sense there seems a fuller rolling of the  
floods,

A more dulcet tone is whispering in the bursting of the  
buds.

“A more silvery cadence ringeth in the laughter of the  
rills,

A warmer purple blendeth with the vapours on the hills.

“Angels stepping down from heaven fill the chambers  
of the mind,

Chanting there their hymns of triumph, waking love  
for all mankind.

“Every tree, and bud, and flower, has a hue it never  
wore,

When the soul was love-deserted, in the callous days of  
yore.

"Birds are warbling from the thickets orisons of wondrous note,

And the wooing dove pairs nestle closer in their blessed cote.

"Where was deadly hatred rankling in the sinful human breast,

Sits Forgiveness, blest and blessing, with a glory for its crest.

"Love, Lord Paramount of all, dispenses, from his thousand thrones,

Sunshine for all clouded sorrows, boundless joy for passion groans.

"Earth, and air, and sky, and ocean, every living, breathing thing,

Sits in peace beneath the shelter of Love's universal wing.

"So sat I beneath it, dreaming of a world of bliss to come,

In a universe of fancies, for my joy had struck me dumb.

"And my quiet heart had yielded every pulsing hope and beat

To that cold and stately Maiden, who had charmed me to her feet.

"Day by day my love grew stronger, and my soul, exultant, trod

Through my mind's illumined palace, with the bearing of a God.

“Every tender word she spake rode to me in a silver car,  
Every look she gave at parting rounded to a perfect star.

“Could that voice be all it promised? might that firmament grow dark

Where those star-looks had been treasured?—each a covenanting ark!

“Once my heart the question whispered, lowly, for I scarce could hear,

But I hurled the slander from me, though my spirit crouched for fear.

“Was it not some jealous demon that had crept into my mind?

Dare it crush so pure a passion? or was Love, indeed, so blind?

“Blind, alas! a frantic devil in my heart did stamp and rave,

Like a sightless Cyclop groping madly round his granite cave.

“Oh! from what a height of promise did my stricken spirit fall!

Crushed, and bleeding, and despairing, covered with a raven pall.

“For my heart's pure love was wasted, and my dreams a semblance bore,

To the disappointed moonlight, that convoys each wave ashore;

“Smiling on it in its worship, with a look divinely bland,  
And while dreaming on its beauty sees it melt into the  
sand.

“Love and Hope went forth together from the Eden of  
my Heart,

At the gate they lingered, weeping, all unwilling to depart

“But I drove them forth in sorrow, on their broken  
faith to brood,

And I made my home with nature, for a time in solitude.

“I had sought the love of Woman, that pure joy that  
heaven distils,

Better searched for Truth and found it, in the centenarian  
hills.

“Better rent the solid granite for a heart of flesh and  
blood,

Looked for passion in the iceberg's pulseless and con-  
gealéd flood :

“Better these than hoped for love within that faithless  
maiden's breast—

'Twas like driving out an Angel when my heart's dove  
left its nest.

---

“Every radiant winged To-morrow hidden in the dis-  
tant years,

Has its poise of joy and sorrow, has its freight of hopes  
and fears.

“ Every hour upon the dial, every sand-grain dropped by  
Time,

Quickens man, by useful trial, for his march to the  
sublime.

“ Friendship's hands forever grasping, glad to meet and  
grieved to part ;

Love, accursed, or blessed, clasping Woe or Gladness to  
its heart :

“ Friendship hath a Jura-presence, thronéd like an Alp  
on high,

Love hath a diviner essence, for, like Truth, it cannot die !

---

“ Thrice since then the Spring has parted from the Win-  
ter's cold embrace.

Thrice the birds in songs were thankful for the light of  
nature's face.

“ Thrice the Summer flowers have blossomed on the  
summits of the hills,

Thrice the vales have leaped for gladness to the piping  
of the rills.

“ Thrice the red-browed, sheavéd Autumn has lain down  
its golden store,

Like a blessed crop of bounty, on the thankful farmer's  
floor.

“ And the passing of the seasons, with their yearly tide  
of wealth,

Braced my mind and flushed my features with a treble  
glow of health.

“Here among these hills eternal, Love and Hope have  
both returned,  
Higher aims and wider feelings than of yore my bosom  
burned,

“Ever up my soul are rolling, with a hot Etnæan glow.  
As the Eagle from his eyrie views the wide champaign  
below,

“So from this, my lofty station, ’mongst the mountains  
of my youth,  
I look round and study Nature, God, and Man, and  
endless Truth.”

---

Blest is the heart whose love  
Is fed from the deep fountains of the soul !  
It never can grow old—above  
The highest heaven it wins its final goal.

His mind grew royally,  
His visions all were dowered with large hopes ;  
Like to some fruitful tree,  
His thoughts came crowned all regally ; as opes

The amber gates of Morn,  
When through them pours from young Day’s  
ardent soul,  
The Light of Love, sun-born :  
So loomed his thoughts toward Fame’s far-distant  
goal.

His heart was purified  
By suffering, but desolate as the moon,  
That wanders far and wide,  
By myriads of stars attended, yet alone.

Some day the tongue of Fame  
May bring the old world down upon its knees  
At mention of his name,  
And he, be one of earth's divinities,

With wise men at his feet  
Sitting, and worshipping his wondrous speech!—  
Oh! human Love! replete  
With Suffering and Truth, what heights through  
thee we reach!

---

### LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Oh! for the faintest glimmering of hope,  
To gild the pinions of Uncertainty  
Wherewith I mount to heaven's topmost cope,  
To learn th' Eternal Will regarding thee!  
No light! no light! a double darkness dread  
Englooms my spiritual sense, as when  
The midnight wraps her mantle o'er her head,  
Shrouding her glories from the gaze of men.  
Faith meets me midway up the starry slope,  
And lo! the intense Darkness disappears,  
And Charity comes smiling down the spheres  
On whitest wing to meet us; and my ears  
Drink in the heavenly words: "Give Reason scope,  
Upheld by Faith, behold! how vast the Hope!"

## RIDEAU LAKE.

1 A warm light permeates the sky,  
A silvery mist is lingering nigh,  
And floating up the trees near by.

2 A slumberous silence fills the air,  
Silence upon the Lake, and where  
The pines drop pearls from out their hair.

3 The birdlings have no voice to sing,  
There's not a bird upon the wing,  
Nature, herself, is slumbering.

Morning half opes her drowsy lid,  
Her blue eyes 'neath the lashes hid  
The Dawn's first kiss have gently chid.

And, Goddess-like, her couch she leaves,  
Her golden hair about her weaves—  
A Ruth among her autumn sheaves!

Up glides she through the welcoming skies,  
A heaven of beauty in her eyes;  
Gladness like light before her flies,

Cleaving the Twilight with a smile.  
Fast speeds she many a golden mile,  
Flinging around each purple isle

Of floating cloud a zone of light,  
That widens in swift circles bright,  
As the moon silvers o'er the night.

Until in the far-distant heaven  
Her milk-white steeds are swiftly driven,  
And darkness everywhere is riven

By the white-bosomed Maid of Day.  
Morn puts aside her locks of gray,  
On every hand the woods are gay.

Up leaps the sun's broad chest of fire,  
Up swell the bird hymns—higher—higher,  
Phœbus has loosed his forest choir.

A massive mirror seems the Lake,  
A mirror that no force could break,  
But which the tricky zephyrs shake.

Shy teal of a quadruple hue,  
The golden, green, the gray and blue,  
Rise like bright fancies on the view.

The trees are green on either side,  
Whole forests standing in their pride,  
Steeping their shadows in the tide.

Islets are floating here and there,  
Dreamy and languid, passing fair, 4  
Tinted and limned with Artist-care.

Reposing like the Thoughts that lie  
Within the meditative eye  
Of youth—bright thoughts that never die.

5  
Narcissus-like they stand, and seem  
To watch their features in the stream,  
Half indistinct, as in a dream.

Like forms Ideal, lo ! they stand,  
Huge mounds of airy-seeming land,  
Fashioned by the Great Artist-hand. /

Smiling, like children fresh from sleep  
Bathing their soft limbs in the deep,  
As from their early couch they leap.

Young, stately cedars, breathing love,  
Pines, pointing to the far-above,  
Flowers at their feet white as the dove.

Rocks, red-flushed in the ruddy morn—  
Young Athlètes, browed with manly scorn,  
White birches from their bosoms born.

O'er all, the broad Sun looking down,  
O'er all the truant winds have blown,  
The wavelets kiss the granite stone.

Visions of Beauty ! Isles of light !  
Your sunny verdure glads the sight,  
Each living fir-tree seems a sprite.

The leaves like woodland pulses shake,  
The plover whistles in the brake,  
Wide Day sits crowned on Rideau Lake.

## AURELIA.

Beautiful, and spirit-like,  
She stands before me now,  
An infantine intelligence,  
With sweetness on her brow.  
Her bright-blue eyes Elysian  
Sparkle with some gentle vision  
Of earliest human sinlessness,  
Such as spirit forms might press,  
With a soft and sweet caress,  
To their souls of light and love,  
In the heaven of heavens above.  
Now these flashing orbs are swimming  
In a calmy sea of Thought,  
With a mystic glory fraught,  
Silently but sweetly hymning  
Many an anthem mild and holy,  
Many a song, divine and lowly—  
Hymns and anthems deeply teaching  
How immortal is the soul ;  
Thoughts, that are intently preaching  
Truths, as vast as those that roll  
Ceaselessly from pole to pole,  
On the meteoric pinions  
That spread light through night's dominions.

Here and there golden ringlets shadow  
Her fair brow with witching grace,

Like the sunlight on the meadow  
    Beautifying nature's face,  
When the fleecy clouds are sporting  
    With the sunbeams as they fall,  
Now athwart, now downward glancing,  
    'Mongst the rich grain, ripe and tall.  
I love the silken ringlets  
    That kiss her snowy neck,  
Like sun-flecks on a lily's leaf,  
    A moral in each speck !  
And her teeth of milky whiteness  
    Peeping out between her lips,  
Where they lie in playful ambush,  
    Ever ready to reveal  
Their intense and pearly brightness,  
    Which the budding lips conceal,  
Lest their beauty should eclipse  
The dimples on her cheeks that linger,  
Pressed by nature's rosy finger.

Say not that the Fairy race  
    Has disappeared from earth ;  
Many a truly Fairy face  
    Gladdens the domestic hearth.—  
Household Fairies, gentle creatures,  
Fairies both in mind and features :  
Good and lovely Fairies they,  
Leading us from day to day  
Along earth's dazzling milky way—

The blushing, rose-strew'n path of Love,  
Which Fairies are forever treading,  
Step by step our fancies leading  
To the milky way above :  
Up and on above the stars—  
Charming Venus—stately Mars,  
To the realms that stretch eternal,  
To the Throne of the Supernal !

Such a Fairy is Amelia,  
Such the gifted, fair Aurelia,  
Fair and intellectual  
As one on whom is set the seal  
Of the Power Omnipotent,  
On some useful mission sent :

Such is Libby, in whose eye  
Dwells the spirit of Ideality,  
Sitting lost in deepest thought,  
As if her young mind had caught  
The spirit of a Guardian-angel  
Claiming her for an Evangel,  
Passing her pearly fingers fair  
Through each tress of golden hair :

Such is Hetty, midnight-eyed,  
Nestling closely to my side,  
Knowing that my heart must bless her,  
Smiling if I once caress her ;  
Gazing on my studious face,  
As I mark each separate grace,  
From the boy-curls on her head,

To her lips, and all they said,  
Every word an angel-lyric  
Falling on my ears empiric :

Such the pleasing, fond Louisa,  
With her God-like memory,  
And her gentle words and ways,  
And her voice attuned to praise,  
Setting the pulses of the heart  
Throbbing, like a star at eve,  
As its silver glances cleave  
The dreamy quiet of the air ;  
And her soft cheeks' health tinge fair :

Such the thoughtful Annie, too,  
With her laughing eye of blue,  
Dimpled cheek of healthy hue,  
And her forehead, sculptor-like,  
An eternal Truth, deep-set,  
On a Thought-browed statuette,  
Which its lips will never speak :

Such is darling Caroline,  
Through whose cheeks life's richest wine  
Spreads like sunset's rosy glow  
O'er some Alpine brow of snow ;  
One than whom no fairer—purer,  
Ever had a mortal birth,  
Whose death would enrich heaven,  
And beggar earth :

These among the household train,  
Neriads from the deeps of love,

Guests from starry realms above,  
Are so many Fairies sent,  
Filled with love, and innocent,  
Down to earth, to bless and gladden  
Homes that sin and strife would sadden  
With a more than earthly pain.

Fair Aurelia ! bright Aurelia !

Favorite of the sunny brow,  
An infantine Intelligence,  
A child of light, art thou.  
A spirit of the ærial Morn,  
Or of Evening, bland with glory,  
Like some Fairy Queen of story,  
For whom Nature's hand had shorn  
The bright locks from the glowing sun,  
And stol'n the softness of the moon,  
As their skyward course they run  
At dewy midnight and at golden noon,  
Giving to each an extra grace  
For thy tresses and thy face.  
Ha ! a tear-drop in thine eye !  
Like a star upon the sky,  
Like a clear stalactité  
Pendent o'er a summer sea,  
Like a trembling dew-drop set  
In an opening violet !  
Not the Naiads of the Rivers,  
Not the Fairies of the Hills,

Not the Nymph, whose sharp glance quivers  
From the leaflets and the rills,  
Where the golden-manéd Rhine  
Winds along its length supine,  
Have a livelier glance than thine.  
Come, then, to my heart's embrace,  
Infant of the smiling face,  
Come, with thy accents soft and winning,  
That keep the human mind from sinning,  
Give me back the love you stole,  
And let me clasp thee to my soul !

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## SONNET.

Oh ! let me gaze upon thy lustrous eyes,  
As on the arbiters of my soul's destiny.  
My Reason sways—without thee all is dark ;  
And my poor mind, like to a periled bark,  
Looks toward thee as the mariner to the skies ;  
And looking on those orbs of light, I see  
Two guiding stars that draw my soul to thee.  
Save my endangered hopes—my shipwrecked fears,  
As on the boundless ocean of suspense  
They toss and tremble upon Danger's brink,  
Above a gulf in which I seem to sink,  
No arm outstretched to bear my spirit thence.  
'T is the remembrance of thine eyes that cheers  
My drooping spirit through the tedious years.

## EVENING SCENE,

FROM THE BANKS OF THE DETROIT RIVER.

I stood upon a bank that faced the West,  
Beyond me lay Lake Erie, softly calm,  
Calm as the thoughts that soothe the dying breast,  
As the Soul passes to the great I AM.

One solitary bird melodiously  
Trilled its sweet vesper from a grove of elm,  
One solitary sail upon the sea  
Rested, unmindful of its potent helm.

There lay the Island with its sanded shore  
The snow-white Lighthouse, like an Angel-friend  
Dressed in his fairest robes, and evermore  
Guiding the mariner to some promised end.

And down behind the forest trees, the sun,  
Arrayed in burning splendors, slowly rolled,  
Like to some sacrificial urn, o'errun  
With flaming hues of crimson, blue and gold.

And round about him, fold on fold, the clouds,  
Steeped in some rainbow essence, lightly fell,  
Draped in the living glory that enshrouds  
His nightly entrance to his ocean shell.

The woods were flashing back his gorgeous light,  
The waters glowed beneath the varied green,

Ev'n to the softened shadows, all was bright,  
Heaven's smile was blending with the view terrene.

The lofty woods, in summer sheen arrayed,  
The trembling poplar with its silver leaf,  
The stately walnut rising o'er the glade,  
The willow bending with its load of grief:

The graceful elm, the energetic oak,  
The red-leaved maple, and the slender pine,  
The grove of firs, half hidden by the smoke  
From the white cottage clothed with jessamine:

The thirsty cattle drinking from the spring,  
Or standing mid-deep in the sunny stream,  
The stream itself, like Joy, meandering,—  
A silver shaft shot down a golden beam:

The ruddy orchard with its tempting fruit,  
The juicy apple, and the mellow pear,  
The downy peach, and near the garden, mute  
With eager visions of a fruitful share,

Lolled the young urchin on his bed of grass,  
Thinking of Autumn, with her red-ripe store—  
So Boyhood smiles to mark the seasons pass,  
And Manhood sighs that they return no more:

On these the parting Day poured down a flood  
Of radiant, unimaginable light,  
Like as in some celestial spirit-dream  
A thousand rainbows melt upon the sight,

Setting the calm horizon all ablaze

With splendors stolen from the crypts of heaven,  
Dissolving with their magic heat the maze  
Of clouds that nestle to the breast of even.

The Fisher ceased his song, hung on his oars,  
Pausing to look, a pulse in every breath,  
And, in imagination, saw the shores  
Elysian rising o'er the realms of Death.

And as he dreamed, the sunlight passed away,  
The stream gave back no deep cerulean hue,  
Eve's purple finger closed the lips of Day,  
And a dim glory clothed the upper blue.

And down on tip-toe came the gradual Night,  
A gentle Twilight first, with silver wings,  
And still from out the darkening infinite  
Came shadowy forms, like deep imaginings.

There was no light in all the brooding air,  
There was no darkness yet to blind the eyes,  
But through the space interminable, there  
Nature and Silence passed in solemn guise.

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## GENTLE MARY ANN.

The artless and the beautiful,  
The fairest of the fair,  
Around her shoulders clustering  
Her sunny, light-brown hair,  
Her meek blue eye intelligent,  
God's wondrous works would scan,  
And a smile would animate the face  
Of our Gentle Mary Ann.

The parted lip, betokening  
The peaceful soul within,  
That soul as yet unsullied,  
Unendangered by a sin ;  
The brow where earnest thoughtfulness  
Some goodly work would plan,  
Combined to make us idolize  
Our Gentle Mary Ann.

And thus for sixteen summers  
She grew upon our sight,  
A patient girl of tenderness,  
A sinless child of light ;  
As free from worldly wilfulness  
As when her life began,  
Was this, our lovely charge from heaven,  
Our Gentle Mary Ann.

The angels from their starry homes,  
Looked on her smiling face,

And beckoned our darling child  
Unto their resting-place ;  
When, lo ! from out the graceful throng  
An infant cherub ran,  
And nestled in the guileless breast  
Of our Gentle Mary Ann.

“ Sister,” she said, “ we wait for thee,  
Yon angel host and I,  
To bear thee in thy innocence  
To our dwelling in the sky.”  
The heavens, slowly opening,  
A psalm of love began,  
And the cherub, pointing upwards,  
Said, “ come, Gentle Mary Ann.”

Calmly she faded from our sight,  
In that infant soul’s embrace,  
And we watched her passing upwards  
With a smile upon her face,—  
Passing upward towards heaven,  
Upward to the Son of Man,  
In whose bosom rests the spirit  
Of our Gentle Mary Ann.

## DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

OLD YEAR ! OLD YEAR ! my pulsing heart  
Is struggling like a wretch in chains,  
I would fly with thee o'er the plains,  
Old Year.—Old Year, we must not part.  
Cold blows the night wind on the wold,  
The starbeams, too, are falsely cold,  
The pale moon's boasted love is sold—  
Old Year, why hast thou grown so old !

Thou broughtest joy, thou broughtest woe,  
And there are hopes alive and dead,  
Thou broughtest faults of heart and head,  
And yearnings purer than the snow.  
The plains are wide where thou would'st lead  
Me, barren as a lying creed,  
I cannot go, my heart would bleed—  
Old Year, why is thy fate decreed !

Thou hast struck down the bosom friend,  
That would have soothed our after years,  
And thou hast brought both smiles and tears,  
And woes and blessings without end.  
Down come the snows, the night winds play,  
Like elves, through all thy locks of gray,  
Midnight is prone to bar thy way—  
Old Year, thou must not leave to-day !

Oh ! motley life ! Oh ! checkered scene !  
A riddle-world of dreams and doubts,

We dare not trust our latest thoughts,  
We nothing know but what has been !  
Moaneth the skies, like stricken souls,  
My practiced sense can hear the ghouls,  
Of centuries rushing from the poles—  
Old Year, what mean these spectral shoals !

And knowing nothing, we would cling  
Like beggars to thy garment's hem,  
Loose leaves upon a withered stem,  
We fear what the next breath may bring.  
Old Year, thou'rt passing from my side,  
There is a bark upon the tide  
O'er which thy ghost prepar'st to ride—  
Old Year, put on thy ancient pride !

Oh ! cold and heartless is the wind,  
And colder are the heartless stars,  
White Death within their icy cars,  
And Darkness clambering up behind.  
The cold moon smiles more coldly still,  
Colder each frozen mount and hill,  
Bleak rolls the storm, the snow flakes chill—  
Old Year, why standest thou so still ?

Why tremblest thou ? Is Death so nigh ?  
Where are the souls which thou hast made  
So happy ? Are there none to aid ?  
Is there no help in all the sky !  
Gather thy garments close, Old Year,  
There is an end to all thy cheer,

A deep voice calls—dost thou not hear?  
Farewell! for we must part, Old Year!

Gather thy robes about thy limbs,  
Remember thy ancestral fame,  
Pass bravely on to whence you came,  
While shouts the storm its passion-hymns.  
So! thou hast vanished like a King,  
Thou hast found Death a living thing,  
To which brave souls most bravely cling—  
See! where he sits—a Spirit-King.

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## DESPONDENCY.

There is a sadness o'er my spirit stealing,  
A flash of fire up-darting to my brain,  
Sowing the seeds—and still the seeds concealing—  
That are to ripen into future pain.  
I feel the germs of madness in me springing,  
Slowly, and certain, as the serpent's bound,  
And my poor hopes, like dying tendrils clinging  
To the green oak, tend surely to the ground;  
And Reason's grasp grows feebler day by day,  
As the slow poison up my nerves is creeping,  
Ever and anon through my crushed heart leaping,  
Like a swift panther darting on its prey;  
And the bright taper Hope once fed within,  
Hath waned and perished in the rueful din.

## THE VOICE OF GOD.

When o'er the cloud-veiled face of heaven  
The far-resounding thunders roll,  
When the impending cloud is riven,  
And the lightning leaps from its fiery goal,  
The strong earth totters, and the mountains nod,  
And nature trembles at the Voice of God.

That Voice at whose command  
Chaos recoiled ; and Night, that long had kept  
Her gloomy wings outspread, arose and crept—  
Like to a guilty thing—into the deep ;  
That caused the earth to leap  
From its firm anchorage, where it lay  
In hidden embryo—a confuséd heap—  
And fashioned it with an invisible hand  
Into a lovely world ; that called the Day,  
To banish thence the blackest shades of Night,  
And flood the world with heaven-borrowed light ;  
That Voice which, from the top of Sinai,  
In thunder spake the sacred law divine ;  
At whose presence the mount—the sky—  
Glowed bright, illumined by the lightning's fire,  
Almighty Love revealed—Almighty Ire !

The birds that wing their flight  
Through the blue skies, or in the sacred groves  
Assemble, to rehearse their songs of love,  
Or chirp their mellow notes with sweet delight ;

They sing His praise,—  
And as their thrilling lays  
Float through the summer skies,  
Attending spirits bear the strains to heaven.  
What songs more worthy to be sung above  
Than those which God hath given  
To the blythe choristers ! 'Tis but the Voice  
Of God that breathes in theirs ;  
And their sweet minstrelsies are but the prayers,  
The orisons, of sinless breasts, that rise  
In music-whispers from the stately trees,  
Like worship-incense borne upon the morning breeze.

Look forth into the Night !  
Then, most, His Voice in regal silence speaks  
To the observant man.  
The wondrous heavens scan—  
The infinitude of worlds that gleam  
Like God-Thoughts flung athwart the gloom, and beam  
Effulgent glory on the slumberous earth.  
Is there a wish within thy soul that seeks  
To know whence they derived their mystic birth ?  
From what vast source divine,  
Like jewels from the mine,  
They sprang, ablaze with their redundant light,  
While angels sped from orb to orb, and viewed  
The gleaming worlds, where all was solitude ;  
And awed to silence, gazed with wonder on  
Each blazing planet and impassioned sun ;

Saw the swift meteor urge its burning car  
Adown the breathless silences afar,  
And watched the advent of each new-born star,  
Bursting the blue enamel of the sky,  
As it came clothed with splendor from on high,  
Launched on its errand of infinity !  
Oh ! with what aching rapture throbs the sight !  
What saith my questioning soul ! A Voice Supreme  
Strikes like swift sunlight through my ether-dream,  
Whispering that these innumerable worlds of light,  
Before the foot of man this earth had trod,  
Were called from Chaos by the Voice of God !

But stay not here.

Hark to the psalmy voices of the winds

That sweep the pathless ocean !

Look around !—

How the waves moan above the mariner's bier !  
Ere this the monsters of the deep have found  
His stiffened corse ; but the wild wave finds  
Another, still another, victim for its rage.  
There is a Voice speaks from the chainless winds,  
That ceaseless warfare with the billows wage,  
Making more terrible their wild commotion.

There is a voice in every wave ;  
Whether it swells in anger o'er the grave  
Of some poor, shipwrecked mariner, or swims  
In gentle ripples on the ocean's breast ;  
Or in deep thunder hymns  
Its praise tempestuous ere it sinks to rest,

Glutted and surfeited, though not oppressed.

There is a Voice in everything ;  
There's not a living atom but doth sing  
The praise of the Almighty, and rejoice  
Beneath His Smile, or tremble at His Voice.

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### THE FINE OLD WOODS.

Oh! come, come away to the grave Old Woods,  
Ere the skies are tinged with light,  
Ere the slumbering leaves of the gloomy trees,  
Have shook off the mists of Night ;  
Ere the birds are up,  
Or the floweret's cup  
Is drained of its freshening dew,  
Or the bubbling rill,  
Kissing the hill,  
Breaks on the distant view ;  
Oh! such is the hour  
To feel the power  
Of the quiet, grave Old Woods.  
Then, while sluggards dream,  
Of some disinal theme,  
Let us stroll,  
With prayerful soul,  
Through the depths of the grave Old Woods.

Oh! come, come away to the bright Old Woods,  
As the sun ascends the skies,

While the birdlings sing their morning hymns,  
And each leaf in the grove replies ;  
    When the golden-zoned bee,  
    Flies from flower to tree,  
Seeking sweets for its honied cell,  
    And the Voice of Praise  
    Sounds its varied lays,  
From the depths of each quiet dell :  
    Oh ! such is the hour  
    To feel the power  
Of the magic, bright Old Woods !  
    Then, while sluggards dream,  
    Of some trifling theme,  
    Let us stroll,  
    With studious soul,  
Through the depths of the bright Old Woods.

Oh ! come, come away to the mild Old Woods,  
    At the Evening's stilly hour,  
Ere the maiden lists for her lover's steps,  
    By the verge of the vine-clad bower ;  
    When all nature feels  
    The change that steals  
So calmly o'er hill and dale,  
    And the breezes range  
    Weirdly strange,  
With a low, delicious wail :—  
    This, too, is the hour  
    To feel the power

Of the silent, mild Old Woods!  
Then, while dullards dream  
Of some fruitless theme,  
We will stroll  
With thankful soul,  
Through the depths of the mild Old Woods.

Oh! come, come away to the calm Old Woods,  
When the skies with stars are bright,  
And the mild Moon moves in serenity,  
The eye of the solemn night.  
Not a sound is heard,  
Save the leaflet stirred  
By the zephyr that passes by,  
And thought roams free  
In its majesty,  
And the soul seeks its kindred sky:  
This, this is the hour  
To test the power  
Of the eloquent, calm Old Woods!  
While the thoughtless dream  
Of some baseless theme,  
Here we can stroll,  
With exalted soul,  
Through the eloquent, calm Old Woods.

## ELEGY,

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. ROBERT D. CARTWRIGHT.

As sinks the sun at evening in the west,  
A flood of God-like glory o'er his head,  
So sank that pious christian to his rest,  
While unseen Watchers triumphed round his bed.

Gently as bursts the new-born moth to light,  
So pass'd that dove-like spirit from its clay,  
Pass'd like an infant sleeping, on that night  
When his loved Master summoned it away.

And there was silence through the deep midnight,  
A joyful silence 'mongst the stars, that shone  
Serenely on that passing spirit's flight,  
As through their myriad hosts it journeyed on.

And there was silence round the Throne of God,  
Such Silence as can only be in Heaven,  
When that meek, evangelic spirit, trod  
The pathway closed against the unforgiven.

And Grief sat pale on many a face that day,  
Both rich and poor bewailed his early death ;  
Those whom that earnest Pastor taught to pray  
Sobbed forth their heavy loss with broken breath.

And round the city passed from tongue to tongue,  
The mournful loss the people had sustained,

But on each lip, in contradiction, hung  
The blessed change his deathless spirit gained.

Never again throughout St. George's aisle  
Will that clear voice the Gospel thunders hurl,  
Never again will he, with christian smile,  
The Gospel Banner of the Cross unfurl.

Never again the dying sinner's ear  
Will drink the words of promise from his lips,  
That burned with earnestness to light and cheer  
The soul departing from the mind's eclipse.

But in our hearts each word is treasured up,  
The mild reproof, the invitation strong  
To drink salvation from the proffered cup,  
The soul's exultant being to prolong.

And as the germs of Hope in every heart  
Pulsate and quicken with our latest breath,  
So will the memory of his words impart  
A blest assurance to our minds in death.

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### MORNING IN SUMMER.

Darkness has disappeared, and all the stars,  
Save one, have ceased to twinkle in the heavens.  
Like some lone sentinel, whose comrades all  
Have sunk into luxurious repose,  
This solitary orb remains behind  
To greet the Morn, a silent, truthful witness,

Ordained by the Creator to attest  
To the first dawning of another day,  
Of every day throughout the lengthened year.  
The silver Dawn flies up the dusky slope,  
Like a white dove emerging from a cloud ;  
Morning imprints its first impassioned kiss  
Upon the Orient's lips, her rose-hued cheeks  
Blushing with love, and all her being moved  
With heart-beats mighty as the throes of Jove.

With what a Queen-like dignity the Morn  
Emerges, smiling, from her perfumed bath,  
Like a young Goddess from a Marriage-feast,  
Or Angel, pregnant with some mighty Truth,  
Whose promulgation will illumine the world.  
How like a universal glory, crowned  
With radiance from the primal fount of light,  
She comes, a native, heaven-born dignity  
Stamped with a hand divine upon her brow.  
The lingering shades of sable-featured night,  
Like phantoms startled at their parting dance,  
Careering round the brightening horizon,  
Slowly retire, abashed. Upward they glance,  
Feebly at first, those beams of Day-drawn light,  
But gathering strength from Morning's glad approach,  
Like Beauty ripening in the smile of Love.

Oh ! blessed Morn ! sweet hour of many prayers,  
Of the deep worship of a million souls !  
The fair Child lisping at its mother's knee

Its infant thankfulness ; the Maiden's vows  
Of meek devotion to a Godly life ;  
Religion from the breast of Womanhood  
Welling in silver accents to her lips,  
Like the rich purlings of a bubbling spring ;  
The voice of sober Manhood, calling down  
The love of heaven on a fallen world ;  
The rapt Enthusiast with panting heart,  
And lips that move not for his solemn thoughts,  
Worshipping in the temple of his love,  
And stretching out his soul's arms unto God !  
Oh ! blessed Morn ! we love thee for thy Prayers !

Behold the God-like Sun ! all life and light  
Awaking with him in the gorgeous East.  
How victor-like his chariot mounts the skies !  
How many million hearts he fills with joy.  
How wakens Nature at his solemn tread.  
How the groves throb with music of the birds.  
How musical the pine trees on the hill.  
How glad the bright-eyed flowerets of the vale.  
How lightly bound the zephyrs o'er the seas,  
Like Nymphs awakened by his magic glow  
In their cool grottoes underneath the wave.  
How like a mighty God, in whose great heart  
Burns the strong incense of Eternal Love.  
How like a fearless conqueror, whose steps  
All nature strews with flowers, and glory gleams,  
And passion hymns, and protestations deep

Of due submission to his regal will.  
Oh! what a march of triumph, Sun! is thine!  
How full of hidden mystery to us  
Thy everlasting round of burning toil,  
Thy rising and thy setting; and the light  
Wherewith thou startlest the rejoicing stars!  
What triumph and what passion, Sun! are thine.

Who filled the measure of thy beams, Oh! Sun?  
Who took thee from the flaming womb of night,  
To be a wonder to all coming time?  
Who opened up the fountains of thy light?  
Who fashioned thee with splendor and with strength,  
And sent thee forth on thy victorious way?  
What star first paled to thy superior light?  
What human eye first drooped beneath thy gaze?  
What human voice first broke upon thine ear?  
What spot of Earth first felt thy warming rays?  
Who held thee o'er the Vale of Ajalon,  
And made thee crown the victor's brow with smiles?  
For every beat of thy strong pulse, Oh! Sun!  
A human prayer ascends from earth to God.

If through the ocean wave he rolls his disc,  
The gloomy deep awakens from its dream,  
Puts all its golden decorations on,  
And robes itself in costliest attire;  
Like an old veteran with honored scars,  
Obtained in many a hard-contested fight,  
Placing his golden honors on his breast,

Ere going forth with pride to meet his king.  
The hardy mariner, whose home is on  
The perilous wave, o'erjoyed at his return,  
Reflects on those for whom his prayerful thoughts,  
Rude and unshaped, were hourly offered up,  
During the midnight watch, to Him who holds  
The reins of every billow in His hand,  
And guides the watery mountains at His will.  
Or if upon the lofty promontory  
Falls his resplendent lustre, the rough crags  
Sparkle like coronets inlaid with gems  
Of priceless value and of beauty rare.  
The glowing trees their gold-green tints assume,  
As from their boughs extended drops the dew  
In showers refreshing on the moistened grass ;  
While the young peasant, by some winding path,  
Follows his flocks to rich, green pasture lands  
Upon the plain beneath. The sportive lambs  
Frisk round the glad old ewe, delighted with  
The kindly Morn that crowns their liberty,  
And bids the shepherd open wide the fold,  
That they may sport upon the dewy fields ;  
In balmy valleys ; or on healthy hills,  
Where the delicious breeze, in cooling draughts,  
Fresh from the lake below, in silence floats  
Upon the morning air, reviving all  
O'er which its animating breath is borne.

The rosy peasant girl, with joyous heart,  
And health's warm sunshine crimsoning her cheek,

Diligently performs her morning task,  
Tending the flocks that answer to her call,  
And crowd around her anxious to receive  
The dainty morsel from her willing hands.  
Some little yeanning nearer than the rest  
Approaches, and with cunning look receives  
The chosen mite, its mistress' daily gift.  
The husbandman, whose sunburned countenance  
Proves that his daily labor's well performed,  
Repairs with manly bearing to the fields,  
And enters on his task with cheerfulness.  
The noble steed that drags the blessed plough,  
Refreshed, and full of vigor and new life,  
Shews no reluctance to begin again  
The toil of yesterday ; the night has eased  
His stiffened joints, and given him new strength,  
To aid the Farmer in his arduous work.  
Thus they, like two industrious friends, pursue  
Their early labor, ev'n before the sun  
Has waked the purple hills. The woods long since  
Have echoed back the minstrelsy of birds ;  
The challenge of some proud young chanticleer ;  
His stately rival's answer, loudly tongued ;  
The watchful mastiff's bark ; or tremblingly  
Shook from their leaves the dew, as the strong youth  
Discharged his rifle at some passing deer.

Hark to the footsteps of the Iron Horse !  
The valley vibrates to his sounding hoofs,

The sombre forests thunder back his tread,  
And startled Echo, from the stubborn rock  
And grassy hill-sides, rushes forth to greet  
The mighty traveller on his early round.  
Shrieks the wild whistle in yon forest glen !  
Its shrill reverberations leaping through  
The answering uplands, and the playful woods,  
Pleased, flinging back the scream.—With sudden start,  
The puzzled cattle, grazing on the slope,  
Or drinking at the spring, erect their ears  
In mute astonishment ; and at the doors  
Of the log cottages, that here and there  
Indent the landscape, the coy maiden stands,  
With the pleased matron and swart husbandman,  
Attracted by the sound. Anon he comes,  
The massive giant, his o'erheated sides  
Reeking with sweat, and from his nostrils wide  
His heavy breathings issuing, in a cloud  
Of boiling vapor. Swiftly he glides past,  
Shuffling with half-majestic carelessness,  
With haughty ease, and time-defying pace,  
Until his race is run. Behold him now,  
Pawing the ground, impetuous in his haste  
To end his swift career. The glowing sun  
Glints on his polished sides, and strikes the earth,  
In vain attempts to pierce his iron mail,  
Or gild his solid mane. Before him flies  
The haggard creature Want, and stores of Wealth  
Come tackled to his heels. Through every town

And village where he speeds his noisy way,  
Gladness appears; the primal wilderness  
Awakes to active life; the yeomen smile;  
And woodmen-heroes who have battled with  
The stubborn forests cheer him on his way.  
For to the toiling husbandman he brings  
A mine of wealth; his path is strewn with gold;  
His whole career is onward, like the march  
Of a great conqueror; and by his strength  
He rushes boldly through the serried ranks  
Of the deep forest; ignorance disappears;  
Barrenness flies, screaming, to the ridgy steep,  
And Civilization triumphs in his wake.

Stand on the quiet margin of the lake,  
And listen to the homely melody  
Of the rough Fisherman, as he impels  
His deeply-laden craft toward the shore.  
Many a sleepless, toilsome night he spends,  
Watching his crafty nets, or wielding well  
The bearded spear, as his long-practiced eye  
Sees by the flaming torch-light, far beneath  
The bosom of the water his sure prey,  
Which soon leaps, struggling in its agony,  
Into the leaky bark. Exposed to storms,  
The pestilential vapors of the night,  
Dripping with spray, and bending 'neath fatigue,  
The uncomplaining fisherman endures  
With patience all the ills of his hard life,

Too happy if each morning's sunlight smiles  
Upon his homeward way, to cheer him on  
To the embrace of his expectant wife,  
And the sweet kisses of his infant flock.

And now, 'tis past the meditative hour,  
When first the sun above the highest hills  
Uprears his crest, whence the warm golden floods  
Of heavenly light their diff'rent stations take,  
To spread the joyful tidings round the world.  
The holy silence of the earlier morn  
Is broken by the sounds of active life  
That everywhere attract the attentive ear.  
Morn's rosy hues, such as are seen upon  
The cheek of Beauty, or the happy face  
Of Childhood, dimpled with unnumbered smiles  
Séraphic, now no longer please the eye,  
But the broad light of Day extends o'er all,  
And Morning's softest loveliness is lost,  
As the day gradually travels on  
To the oppressive hour of scorching Noon.

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PASSWORD—"TRUTH IS MIGHTY."

Stand not on the Alps of Error,  
Brother, though the tempting height  
Lure thee to the grassy hill-top,  
Though the view enchant the sight;

But if sorely tempted thither,  
In some hour of gilded woe,  
Stand, and gaze around thee, Brother,  
On the Vale of Truth below.

Watch th' Enchantress from the summit,  
See her wave her golden wand,  
Till the far-illuminated valley  
Seems a heaven-enchanted land.  
Mark the crowds of glowing faces,  
That compose her endless train,  
'Till that white-robed, shining army,  
Fills the undulating plain.

Mark their gorgeous banners waving,  
Listen to the peaceful hymn  
Pealing from the countless millions,  
Like the song of Seraphim.  
Gently toward the blackened summit,  
Where seductive Error stands,  
March that Sin-invading army,  
From the pleasant valley lands.

"Truth is Mighty!" shout the foremost,  
"Truth is Mighty!" rends the plain,  
Echoes through the mountain-gorges,  
Vibrates over land and main.  
And the hill-tops melt before them,  
One by one they disappear,  
As their watchword—"Truth is Mighty!"  
Strikes the universal ear.

“Truth is Mighty!” and the valley  
“O’er the hills is seen to rise,  
Higher through the sun-lit heavens,  
Till it seems to reach the skies.  
“Truth is Godlike!” “Truth is Mighty!”  
Now resound through all the air,  
As the mountain-peaks of Error  
Shrink away and disappear.

Not an arm is raised in anger,  
Smiles on every face are seen,  
They but breathe upon the mountain,  
On its blackened sides and green :  
It has vanished, like a cloudlet  
Penetrated by the sun,  
Vanished to the dark abysses  
Of the greatest Evil One.

---

## THE WHIRLWIND.

It comes with its swift, destructive tread,  
It tosses the waves on high,  
And it hurries away where the lightnings play,  
Through the black and frowning sky ;  
And the weeping clouds are madly driven  
By its violent breath, o’er the face of heaven.

It leaps through the woods in its fearless flight,  
Uprooting the firm-set trees ;

And it shivers the trunk of the kingly oak,  
That had long defied the breeze;  
Hurling down, in its furious mirth,  
These tough and sturdy limbs to earth.

Away it flies, with a maniac howl,  
To the mountains' dismal height,  
And it lifts the rocks from their granite beds,  
By the force of its giant might;  
Waking the birds from their brief repose,  
And spreading dismay where'er it goes !

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## ELIZABETH'S BIRTH.

At Elizabeth's birth Love's fair Goddess presided  
O'er a quorum of dames in her high court above ;  
On the child's future gifts all were strangely divided,  
And contentions ran high through that Chamber of  
Love.

"I claim her," said Beauty, "her cheeks are as roses,  
Her brow as the Parian marble is fair ;  
And see these sweet dimples ! in each one reposes  
A sting for intrusion, a balm for despair."

"She is mine ! she is mine !" said the Goddess of  
Pleasure,

"What heart-thrilling looks are concealed in her eyes !  
She shall revel in joys and delights without measure,  
Such as seldom are felt in our own sunny skies."

The Goddess of Mirth, her gay voice loudly ringing  
Through the golden-roofed arches of that solemn  
court,  
Laid claim to the sleeper, now laughing, now singing,  
Uniting with Pleasure to furnish her sport.

Like the first purple flush of the warm light of Morning,  
That tinges the east with its mellowy hue,  
The Goddess of Smiles, that rich chamber adorning,  
In ravishing sweetness arose on the view.

And pointing with joy to the innocent sleeper,  
Her eyes filled with radiance, her looks all divine,  
Said, in musical accents, "She's mine! I will keep her  
'Neath my sheltering wing—She is mine! she is  
mine!"

As Venus, her wand in the air gently waving,  
Approvingly tendered the gift to the child,  
A shower of sunlight came down, gently laving  
The innocent's face, and Elizabeth smiled.

The Angel of Goodness her watch had been keeping,  
Unperceived by the lovely disputants till now,  
And softly approaching the infant while sleeping,  
Gently placed her fair seal on the slumberer's brow.

But Cupid, who'd witnessed the scene from his bower,  
Now tendered his claim, with so artful a grace,  
That his mother, embracing him, gave him the power  
To mix Love with the Smiles on Elizabeth's face.

## HENRY'S GRAVE.

Standing beside the consecrated mound,  
That marked the narrow grave wherein he lay,  
I thought upon the Trumpet's welcome sound,  
That would arouse him in the latter day.

I thought of the young spirit, that had fled  
Beyond the keenest search of human eye—  
Beyond the limits of a world of dread—  
Beyond the reach of man's philosophy.

And as I strove to lift the distant veil—  
To track the spirit in its upward flight—  
My mind was awed—my vision seemed to fail,  
And all became confused as blackest night!

I was an atom of mere mortal mould,  
Too weak to pierce the depths that soul had trod;  
Backward to earth my wandering senses rolled,  
And my eye rested on the crumbling sod—

Part of myself—poor perishable clay!  
The child whose corse beneath my feet did lie,  
Was, like myself, but mortal, yesterday,  
And now, a dweller with the blest on high!

Oh! Mystery of Mysteries! Oh, Death!  
I sit and muse in deep solemnity,  
And wonder how the dust that perisheth  
Must pass to life eternal but through thee!

## SNOW DROPS.

Gently fall the snow-flakes  
From the clouds above,  
Noiselessly and joyously  
As the breath of love,  
Noiseless in their gaiety,  
Gentle in their mirth,  
As they spread their robes of purity  
Softly o'er the earth.

Beauteous types of Innocence!  
Delicately fair  
As the thoughts of Angels  
Hov'ring in the air:  
Not less pure and innocent  
Is each little dove,—  
Each joyous, sparkling snow-drop  
In the cot of Love.

Yes, prattling little Children!  
Germs of Love are ye,  
Spotless as the snow-drops,  
Hearts as pure and free,  
Oh! guard them in their innocence,  
Ye to whom are given  
These fairy human snow-drops,  
Gifts from Love's own Heaven.

## PRETTY FACES.

I could gaze on pretty faces,  
Mark their sweetness all day long ;  
Though they vied not with the Graces,  
They should mingle with my song.  
Where the lips are slightly pouting,  
Where the full, dark eye, is bright—  
Bright and soft as morn and even—  
Bright and dark as noon and night :  
Pretty faces ! pretty faces  
Having such delights as these,  
Though they be not perfect Graces,  
Often conquer, often please.

I have gazed on pretty faces,  
Marked their sweetness by the hour,  
Searching out the hidden traces  
Of their deep, mysterious power.  
Where the brow is that of Woman,  
Whereon Thought is throned serene,  
Where the eyes deep truths are speaking,  
And the lips in smiles are seen :  
Pretty faces ! pretty faces  
Having such fair gifts as these,  
Though they be not perfect Graces  
Always conquer, always please.

## BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Shall we not meet in heaven, love,  
And know each other there?  
Endearing thought! joy cheaply bought!  
Why should we then despair?  
Why grieve to bid farewell to those  
Whom Death removes away!  
When we shall meet in brighter worlds,  
Where love has no decay.  
But shall we know each other there,  
In that elysian clime?  
Consoling thought—to live—to love—  
Through never-ending time!  
Hope points to such a God-like gift,  
Within the All-wise decree;  
Then let me break my earthly bonds,  
And fly, my love, to thee.

---

## CANADIAN SLEIGH SONG.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
Merrily, merrily, O,  
Chime the tuneful sleigh bells,  
Singing to the snow;  
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
Merrily, merrily, O,  
Laughs the dimpled Maiden,  
Chatting to her beau.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
Merrily, merrily, O,  
What is glorious Winter  
Without frost and snow?  
Time may cast a shadow  
O'er us as we go,  
But let us, like the sleigh bells,  
Sing, Merrily, Merrily, O.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
Merrily, Merrily, O,  
Life is but a sleigh-drive  
Through the frost and snow;  
Ever are we learning  
This one truth as we go:  
All sadness without sunlight  
Is like Winter without snow.

---

## PITY'S TEAR DROP.

As Pity looked down from on high,  
So smilingly, sweetly, and meek,  
A tear-drop that stood in her eye  
Fell on a Drunkard's cheek.

Astonished, he looked above,  
Not a star overhead could he see;  
He said: "'T is a tear-drop of love  
Shed by Ella for me."

For he thought of the wife of his youth,  
Of the heart he had broken when won ;  
And that tear-drop conveyed a reproof  
For the spirit his crimes had undone.

His feelings were seared by the thought,  
Heaven's sunlight had entered his soul,  
One of Pity's bright tear-drops had wrought  
A deep-seated hate of the bowl.

Oh! deal not unjustly severe  
With the Drunkard you meet in your path,  
For Pity does more by a Tear,  
Than the strong can accomplish in wrath.

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## ANNIE BY MY SIDE A SITTING.

Annie by my side a sitting,  
Looks intently on my face,  
Does she watch the shadows flitting  
From their secret lurking place ?  
Where they hide and sit apart  
In the dim depths of my heart,  
Where Hope's sunlight never cometh,  
Where Love's red Rose never bloometh !

Does she deem me cold—unfeeling—  
That I never press her cheek ?  
From my dull self never stealing  
For a moment, week by week !

Is it wonder? Is it love?  
Would she bring me back the dove  
That my soul so humbly cherished?—  
Had it staid, it must have perished!

Little knows she the devotion  
Of my heart of hearts is hers,  
Purest is the calmy ocean,  
Truth has silent worshippers!  
Annie sitting by my side,  
Knows not all the love I hide,  
Though my fond looks never sun her,  
Though I seldom smile upon her.

Her blue eyes are vaguely searching  
For a glance of Love's return,  
But my thoughts are closely perching  
On my dead love's funeral urn.  
And I read her patient look,  
As a scholar reads a book,  
Gleaning pearls from all its pages,  
Thought-pearls from the brains of sages.

Annie by my side a sitting,  
Gazing mildly on my face,  
Cannot see the shadows flitting  
From their secret lurking-place,  
Where they dimly sit apart  
In the cloud-folds of my heart,  
Weeping over hopes once cherished,  
Moaning for the dove that perished.

## THE NAME OF MARY.

Of all the names that ever pass'd  
The lips of woman, child, or fairy,  
The gentlest, and most sweetly chaste,  
Is that of MARY.

Yet not too gentle to be loved  
By men whose nerves were nerves of iron ;  
How deeply—tenderly—it moved  
The haughty Byron !

Tom Moore, Corypheus of Song !  
In verse and love no mean empiric,  
How gracefully it floats along !  
His beauteous lyric !

Great Burns, the Ploughman-Bard, whose muse  
Was swayed by a more rustic fancy,  
Unlike your parlor-bards, could choose  
The homelier Nancy.

But in his most inspired hour,  
Passing the beauties of the dairy,  
He struck that note of solemn power  
To her—his Mary !

MARY ! sweet name with virtue clothed,  
By dreamy-minded dilettanti,  
A sound that might have charmed and soothed  
The gloomy Dante.

Or held in its divine control,  
Bringing it healing balm when weary,  
The wild, impassioned Poet-soul  
Of Alfieri.

'T is true we read of, and despise  
The sighing of a certain varlet,  
Werther, who sorrowed for the eyes  
Of queenly Charlotte :

We hear, too, of the Trojan brawl  
That the majestic Paris fell in  
With Greece, and famed Achilles, all  
For faithless Helen :

We read, with virtuous amaze,  
Of good Queen Bess and Leicester, or a  
Petrarch inditing Canzonas  
To nun-like Laura :

And every day or two, we find  
How foplings drain the poisoned chalice—  
Fools ! perilling their grain of mind  
For Grace or Alice !

We know that there are names that please  
The varied tastes of man and woman—  
Ruth, Annie, Nora, are of these,  
All fair and common :

Most welcome, though, to English ears,  
Fit for throned Queen or graceful Fairy,

Is that sweet household word that bears  
The sound of—MARY!

It mingles with our childhood's games,  
It chastens either birth or bridal;  
Mary!—to me the very name's  
A perfect Idyl.

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### THE KNEELING HEART.

When Evening folds her wings of light,  
And bathes her rosy cheeks in dew,  
And one pale star proclaims the night,  
From its exalted throne of blue:  
My soul! how eager hast thou leaped,  
Cribbed and imprisoned as thou art,  
To be of these a shining part,  
In their ethereal essence steeped!  
And on this altar, on this heart of clay,  
Hast offered sacrifice, and bore away  
An incense sweet of Prayer above that starry ray.

When Night flings wide her ebon gates,  
And Darkness, like a flood, pours in,  
Shewing the star-born choir that waits  
Its psalm seraphic to begin:  
How hast thou caught their burning words,  
That never fall on worlding ears,  
Hast filched the hymning of the spheres,

As it was swept from nature's chords ;  
Hast known and felt that every ray of light  
Brings to our ears a portion of that bright  
And star-lipped anthem that pervades the solemn night.

When o'er the everlasting hills  
The golden Morning soars sublime,  
And Day's triumphant Pæan fills  
The heavens, as in that primal time  
When first the birds rehearsed their songs  
In groves by Angels' visits blest :  
Worshipping Soul ! some heavenly guest  
To thy diviner moods belongs !  
In the old Forest, with the whispering trees,  
Morn, Eve and Night, thou learnest melodies,  
Extracts sweet music from the warbling breeze,  
Thou hast my heart forever on its bended knees !

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## AUTUMN.

Oh ! the bright days of Autumn ? how they sink  
Like dreams of beauty fanned by heaven's airs,  
Deep, deep into the mind. There is a soft  
And holy feeling floating through the skies,  
The breathings of an Angel-troupe that comes  
With noiseless footsteps and on wings of love,  
To fill the soul with joy. The bay is calm,  
And mellowed with the sunbeams of the morn :  
God smiling on the mirror of the skies,

Where the light clouds, the stars, and the mad moon  
Gaze at their own strange beauty, and the sun  
Flings down his amorous breathings, passionate  
As a wild lover with a great fond soul,  
Drinking his mistress' smiles 'neath distant skies,  
While she, at home, sits thinking of his love—  
Absent, but ever present. Here an isle,  
With one tall tree to sentinel the place,  
Floats languidly upon the sleeping wave,  
Tinting the water with innumerable hues,  
Each little fretful wave kissing its feet,  
And toying with the shrubs that drop their leaves  
Like playthings on its pearly lips. The marsh,  
Like to an indolent sluggard, has lain down  
Beneath its faded covering, to dream  
Of a long rest: its putrid breath no more  
Poisons the air with a malarian stench,  
Inducing fevers that burn up the frame,  
As the hot summer burns the parched leaf—  
The purifying air of Autumn has passed o'er  
The feverish waste, and given it new health,  
E'en in its swift decay; as the free'd soul  
Ascends to heaven when the body dies.  
The stately bulrush rears its dark brown head  
Above the sedgy waste; the water-hen,  
Surrounded by her noisy brood, doles forth  
Her inharmonious notes; the piping snipe,  
The golden plover, and the slender crane,  
With here and there a pair of watchful teal,

Seek nourishment from the decaying sedge ;  
As the rank soil the putrid mass receives  
That gives a quickened impulse to its veins.

The wind blows fresh upon the distant lake,  
But here the breezes whisper ; through the air  
Ambrosial mists are breathed. Nature's great heart  
Beats feebly in her old maternal breast,  
And balmy sighs, and moanings, keen but weak,  
Are heard far-wandering through the aged woods.  
Sadly she grieves for the departed flowers ;  
Sadly she sings the requiem of the leaves,  
As they come fluttering down, like withered hopes  
Leaving poor shipwrecked youth all cold and bare,  
Exposed to the sharp breath of a hard world,  
Shuddering, and sick at heart. The red, round sun,  
Shorn of his flaming locks, stands in the east,  
Like a proud steed divested of its strength,  
Stands like a king who has put off his crown,  
And lain aside the duties of the state  
For a brief season ; and the passing clouds  
Sport with his rubicund face, and fling a veil  
Of melancholy beauty o'er his brow.  
Yon group of trees upon the faded bank,  
Spreading their broad deep shadows on the wave,  
Gaze in the water at their roots, and watch  
The gradual fading of their summer-green,  
As Autumn, the rich fancy dyer, comes,  
Puts on his motley, Joseph-coat of leaves,

And steeps them all in hues of gold and brown,  
And glowing scarlet, yellow, green, and dun—  
Bright favorite of the undulating shore.  
The village church peers o'er the grove of pines  
And stunted hickory, on the barren hill ;  
In the stripped orchard the old Homestead stands,  
Above the hazy bank, like a white tent  
Seen through the picturesque openings of the trees,  
And in the garden a serene old man,  
With silvered locks, but mind yet unimpaired,  
Strolls to inhale the renovating air,  
That gives a healthy vigor to the morn.  
A rural cottage in the distance shrinks,  
Like a coy blossom, nursed among the grass,  
Blushing and trembling at the intrusive steps  
Of the young zephyrs ; and two golden fields  
Slope to the limestone shore, denuded of  
Their wavy tresses, by the reapers shorn.—  
The pines are green as in their summer days,  
Although the oaks are yellow in the vale—  
Their strength avails not, Autumn strips them bare.  
• As a nation strips a Ruler of his badge,  
Which he has worn with honor, to make way  
For others who are covetous of place ;  
But the green pine lives on the highest hills,  
And wears a youthful freshness all the year,  
As the pure soul whose thoughts are ever green  
Lives nearest God. Go, man ! into the woods,  
And watch the multitudinous mass of leaves

Passing from life to death. These are the fruits  
That nature gathers for her sustenance,  
As they fall ripe and mellow at her feet,  
Fit to be garnered in. Behold them sink  
Resistless to the ground, and as thy foot  
Crushes their withered stems, think of their fall  
As emblematic of thy Autumn days,  
And of succeeding years, when other feet  
Will tread as recklessly upon thy grave,  
As thine upon the melancholy leaves.

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## REMEMBRANCES.

There are remembrances that sear the brain,  
There are sweet thoughts of other times, that wing  
Their dove-like passage o'er the mind, and bring  
Returning peace, and musings free from pain.  
I have distinct remembrances of thee,  
That fall upon me with a leaden weight,  
Revealing days of past anxiety ;  
And then, again, calm visions, that recall  
Far holier joys than Fancy can create.  
Indeed, I deem these bright realities  
Ofttimes, for they seem breathing ecstasies  
Of present bliss passing before mine eyes.  
Painful and calm, Remembrance hoards them all,  
Their various teachings I dare not despise.

## LITTLE ANNIE.

How mildly passed her second birth,  
How sweet the assurance given :  
One Angel less upon the Earth,  
One Spirit more in Heaven !  
We knew she was a tender flower,  
Dropped, but not planted here,  
And, knowing, feared the coming hour,  
Too bitter for the tear  
That Grief itself had not the power  
To shed upon her bier.

We watched her with her pleasing smile,  
The first that kissed her mouth,  
Like sunlight on some coral isle  
Within the amorous South ;  
The blue of heaven in her eye,  
The sun's breath in her hair,  
Celestial balm in every sigh,  
That pass'd her rose-lips fair—  
A living floweret from the sky,  
The Angels missed her there.

And day by day their voices fell,  
Theirs and the cherubims,  
As if through some illumined dell  
Swept echoings of hymns :  
Fell like harp-whispers on her ears,  
Like star-beams on her mind,

So faintly did they cleave the spheres ;  
And like the evening wind  
That wafts down prayers from mountaineers,  
Left melody behind.

Then she would sit apart and muse  
Upon their gentle words,  
Gentle as falling summer dew,  
Or carolings of birds,  
And wonder how these whispers came  
Unto her ears alone ;  
Above her playmates' loud acclaim  
She felt each Eden-tone,  
As feels the Poet the pure flame  
The crowd can never own.

And when her infant mind was filled  
With melody divine,  
Down came the starry Angels mild,  
Like pilgrims to a shrine,  
Each, with an offering of love,  
To lure her from the earth,—  
They envied us the spotless dove  
So quiet in her mirth—  
*They* claimed her for their home above,  
*We*, for our homely hearth.

They were forever hovering,  
Like halos, o'er her head,  
And one, with wider, whiter wing,

Kept watch above her bed ;  
Her dreams were of a sunny clime,  
Of skies serenely bright,  
Where, in their everlasting prime,  
These messengers of light  
Joined in a harmony sublime,  
That thrilled through heaven's height.

Thus was her mind forever turned  
From our poor earth away,  
For milder scenes her child-heart yearned,  
And when she knelt to pray,  
Her strange companions by her side  
Knelt down in silence, too,  
And to her inner voice replied,  
As pass the echoes through  
Some balmy valley ere they glide  
Above the distant blue.

The Rose of Health still deeply bloomed  
Upon her dimpled cheek,  
When, lo ! the yearning angels plumed  
Her spirit pure and meek ;  
They gave it white wings like their own,  
And crowned her wide young brow  
With flowers, gathered where the sun  
Doth kiss them as they grow,  
Blanching their petals, one by one,  
Till whiter than the snow.

And there stood two, like Faith and Hope,  
Above the child that died,  
With thoughts pure as the stars that ope  
Their wings at eventide ;  
One, struggling with a weight of pain,  
In silence wild and deep,  
The other, tranquil as the main  
In whose breast earthquakes sleep—  
On their great hearts Grief falls like rain.  
God, only, knows they weep.

Like an Ideal Thought she came,  
A star upon Love's crest,  
Then vanished like the sunset flame  
That warms the ardent West ;  
And like a thought of priceless worth,  
Filled with ambrosial leaven,  
She passed up to her second birth,  
Above the Pleiades seven,  
One Angel less upon the Earth,  
One Spirit more in Heaven.

---

## SUN, MOON, AND STARS.

Sun, Moon, and Stars attest Thy matchless glory,  
Thou mighty Ruler of the World Unseen ;  
Devout Astrologers of sacred story  
Have loved to bask beneath their gorgeous sheen ;  
Have looked from them to Thee, and looking, raised

Their song to where the Godhead's essence lurks,  
And with a hymn of deep thanksgiving praised  
The greatness of Thy power and Thy works.

And how shall I, an atom, frail and weak,  
Scan the blue ether with an eye of love,  
Or in befitting accents sing or speak  
Of those mysterious worlds that shine above?  
But Thou hast planted deep within my breast  
A love for all that's beautiful and bright,  
From the red Morning's Sun-emblazoned crest,  
To the pale Stars that celebrate the Night.

I love the storm at deepest midnight sweeping,  
The gentle billow and the raging sea,  
The vivid lightning, and the thunder, speaking  
In mighty language, Thou Supreme! of Thee.  
I love the plunging cataract, the rill  
That, childlike, sparkles through the sunny plain,  
The primal forest depths, convulsed or still,  
'Neath the light zephyr's or dark tempest's reign.

And loving these, I turn my eyes above,  
And there behold the wondrous mysteries  
Which blameless men in every age have loved—  
For where is aught exalts the mind like these?  
By day and night, alike, behold the scene!  
The King of Light upon his golden throne,  
Night's silver-mantled and seductive Queen,  
Encircled by the stars as with a zone!

The lofty Sun in mid-day greatness rolling,  
Calmly pursuing his majestic way,  
Is silently but powerfully extolling  
His great Creator's glory day by day.  
No clouds can wholly dim his brilliant light,  
No eye can gaze upon his steady flame,  
His course, from rosy morn to dewy night,  
Is one unceasing Pæan to Thy name.

But scarcely is his evening anthem ended,  
When lo ! the Moon walks blushing up the East,  
Her first soft accents with his last have blended,  
And thus their silent song has never ceased,  
Since the Creator's Voice first bade them hold  
Their course untiring through eternal space,  
And with their voiceless eloquence unfold  
His boundless power, excellence and grace.

Not less the Stars their gentle hymns are blending  
With the impressive silence which the night  
Upon her myriad tongues is ever sending  
Throughout creation's trackless realms of light.  
There's not a ray that cleaves yon ethery void,  
But has a tongue to sound its Maker's praise,  
There's not a drop in yon receding tide,  
That does not answer to their voiceless lays.

Then how much more should gifted man proclaim  
The greatness of God's overruling power,  
When all His works do glorify his name

Eternally, through every fleeting hour ?  
Teach me, Oh ! God, to read thy works aright,  
Fill me with love for all things bright and free,  
Grant me, through life to look, by day and night,  
Through all Thy vast creations up to Thee !

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## THE CHIEFTAIN'S LAST SIGH.

Through the depths of the forest a warrior came,  
His look threat'ning death, and destruction, and flame ;  
Erect and majestic he stood in his pride,  
By the graves of his people who fell by his side—  
By the graves of the Red Men, for a Red Man was he,  
Hunted down like a beast in the Land of the Free !  
Pursued, but no longer that Chieftain will fly ;  
By the graves of his kindred he'll conquer or die.

His eye flashed with rage—there was scorn in its light,  
As he called to his band to prepare for the fight ;  
His tomahawk's keenness he smilingly felt,  
And looked to the red scalping-knife in his belt ;  
Shook the plumes that o'ershadowed his obdurate brow,  
Again rallied his band, and repeated his vow.  
Now the foe is in sight—hark ! that terrible cry  
Proves, that here the brave Red Man will conquer or die !

Thick fly the swift arrows, unerring they fly,  
Like the bleak winds in Autumn the stricken ones sigh ;

And that Warrior-Chief, with a demon possessed,  
 In the midst of the carnage lays bare his bold breast ;  
 Each blow of his tomahawk, reeking and red,  
 Like the stroke of a Fate, adds one more to the dead,  
 And his resolute band, with their wild battle-cry,  
 Are thronging around him, in numbers, to die.

Yes, to die ! but they fall without murmur or groan,  
 And their death-dealing Chieftain stands firmly—alone !  
 As the sea, lash'd to fury, rolls on in its might,  
 So he breasts his foes with a frantic delight ;  
 There's revenge in his look, there is death in his frown,  
 And he fights like a Chief who upholds his renown ;  
 Overpowered by numbers he yields his last sigh  
 By the graves of his race, where he wandered to die.

---

### HOLY GROUND.

When thoughtful Contemplation fills  
 The mind, go, climb the rugged hills,  
 Down which the crystal-footed rills  
     In freedom bound ;  
 The mind, all hope, is upward led,  
 For every spot on which we tread  
     Is Holy Ground.

As homeward turns the shepherd's flock,  
 Stand on the firmly-rooted rock,  
 That trembles 'neath the thunder's shock,

With awe profound ;  
The spirit erewhile so oppress'd,  
Is now the soul's delighted guest—  
'T is Holy Ground.

Emerging from the leprous town,  
We wander where the mountains frown,  
Or where the torrent leapeth down,  
With psalmy sound :  
Feelings of inspiration steal  
Upon the mind—we own—we feel  
'T is Holy Ground.

When pondering by the silent shore,  
We hear the tortured ocean roar,  
Our thoughts beyond its vastness soar,  
And all around  
Delights—uplifts—expands the mind  
Where Beauty ever lives enshrined—  
'T is Holy Ground.

Go, thread the Wisdom-haunted Woods,  
Where slave of Mammon ne'er intrudes,  
Or seek the sylvan solitudes  
Where Peace is found ;  
Contrast their silence with the strife  
And folly of a selfish life—  
'T is Holy Ground.

We reverence the marble stone,  
That tells us of a spirit flown

To worlds unseen, but not unknown;  
    This grassy mound,  
Each green blade on whose sacred knoll  
Begets sweet feelings in the soul,  
    Is Holy Ground.

Not less so is the wood-clad height,  
Seen by broad Day or sombre Night;  
Each humble view that meets the sight  
    Serves to expound  
The wholesome truth, that Earth was meant,  
Despite Man's peevish discontent,  
    For Holy Ground.

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## PLEASANT MEMORIES.

Mary, do you Remember—  
Do you remember the ancient house,  
The moss to its brown roof clinging—  
The old open roof, where the swallows each year  
Reared their downy broods without let or fear—  
    The moss in the eaves,  
    And the birds 'mong the leaves,  
    The flute-toned Robin and his spouse,  
    A vermeil tinge on his rounded breast,  
    In the plumb and apple trees singing?  
    The yellow-bird's nest  
Woven with skill in the forkéd boughs  
Of the currant trees in the garden walk,

Where we'd thoughtfully meet, and sparingly talk,  
Sometimes aloud, but oftener mute,  
Pulling the juicy coral-hued fruit,  
Conversing of books, and of learned men,  
In the grassy walk of the garden then—

Mary, do you Remember?

Do you remember the hollyhock  
That stood at the foot of the garden walk,  
With its rich purple flowers,  
And around it, in showers,  
The rose-trees dropping their delicate leaves,  
Like the tears shed by Beauty when she grieves;  
The hardy rockets, pink, lilac and white,  
The morning-glory that clomb in the night  
Up the slender rod, as if some spirit bright

Beckoned it up

With its dew-filled cup,  
To bask in the pale moon's loving light?  
The marygold's deep-yellow hue,  
The sweet-pea blossoms, red and blue,  
The mignonette, scenting the morning air,  
With a perfume as sweet as an infant's prayer;  
And over them all the humming-bird,  
Like a living flower, gold and green,  
Pleasing the eye with its glancing sheen,  
Scenting the odors, was often heard,  
Oft was heard, and oft was seen,  
Like a beautiful thought the leaves between—

These, Mary, do you Remember?

Do you remember the little windmill,  
On the long, slim pole, that would never be still?  
Ever by night, and ever by day,  
In its easy, rollicking, careless way,  
Buffing the zephyrs, grave or gay,  
Ever warning dull spirits away,  
With its clattering, chattering roundelay?  
In the warm sunny noon, when the bees were abroad,  
    Kissing the flowers,  
    Or when the Hours  
    Stepp'd down at night,  
    Golden and bright,  
Gently pressing the warm, green sod,  
Chanting the Hymn of Departing Day;  
    When the rain fell merrily,  
    Or the cricket cheerily  
    Chirped its strange melody,  
Singing of Home, in the long, green grass;  
When the winds piped loud, or the zephyrs sang low,  
That mill was scampering fast or slow,  
Mocking at sorrow, and winking at woe—  
Do you remember that talkative mill?  
That wrangling, mischievous, mirth-loving mill?  
    Mary, do you Remember?

Do you remember the marsh near by,  
Where the winds would moan, and the rushes would  
    sigh—  
The rushes that grew nearly five feet high,

Screening the houses the muskrats built,  
Where the brown-bearded bulrush rose a-tilt,  
Ruffling the flowers of purplish blue,  
That blossomed and bloomed the summer through?  
Do you remember the lilies that grew,  
The white water-lilies that grew, and lay  
Rocking themselves in the sun all day,  
Like a Neriad fleet, along the bay;  
And the mossy nest of the saucy wren,  
    Swinging and swaying  
    All day long; and when  
    The hounds' distant baying  
Told that the star-watch was set in the skies,  
Then, do you remember the fire-flies,  
    Startling the air  
    With a mystic glare,  
Like the Borealis streaming forth  
Up the blue skies of the crispéd North,—  
Now here—now there—now everywhere?  
And strangest of all, the bullfrogs' croaking!  
Called you it singing, or vamping, or joking?  
For I never can tell, for the life of me,  
What these musical wretches sing or say!  
    Mary, do you Remember?

Do you remember the meadow-field,  
Where the red-ripe strawberries lay concealed,  
Close to the roots of the scented grass,  
That bowed to let the sunbeams pass

To smile on the buttercups clustering over  
The drooping heads of honied clover ?  
Or the golden dandelions, milky-stemmed,  
With which the spring fields were begemmed ?  
Do you remember the hawthorn hedge,  
    In its virginal bloom,  
    Breathing perfume  
Far along the water-worn ledge ;  
The crows, with their signals of raven-like caws,  
Like Ethiope sentinels over the haws ?  
    The wild roses flinging  
    Their sweets to the breeze,  
    While perched on the trees  
    The sparrow sat, singing  
Its plain, homely melody, and the brown thrush  
Flung mellowy peals from thickets of rush,  
As the blackbird piped from his vocal throat  
His one soft-syllabled, graceful note ?  
    Gentlier breezes never blew,  
    Lovelier roses never grew,  
    Honeysuckles nowhere ever  
    Had a more delicious flavor,  
    Never hedge that ever budded  
    Was more delicately studded,  
    Never buttercups more yellow,  
    Clover sweeter or more mellow,  
    Than along this bank of flowers  
    Cheered the rosy-pinioned hours,  
    Passing o'er the swaying meadow,

Passing, leaving not a shadow,  
But bearing odors to the brain,  
Binding the senses as with a chain  
Of linkéd sounds, that pleased the ears,  
Of sights, that charmed the eye to tears!

Do you remember the little snipe,  
Whenever surprised how shrill he'd pipe?  
A comical, restless, industrious snipe,  
With a piccolo-sound to his three-note pipe—  
Mary, do you Remember?

Do you remember the old school-room  
That seemed little else than a solemn tomb?  
Though on looking back  
On life's beaten track,  
Those hours were happier far than they seemed,  
Dearer than ever we thought or dreamed!  
Do you remember, each holiday,  
When old Winter came, muffled up to the ears,  
Like a frigid old fellow, his eyes all tears,  
Congealed as they fell—a sparkling chain  
Of frost-pearls, clanking a cold refrain—  
How the schoolboys would skate o'er the frozen bay,  
Making old Boreas as tricksy at play  
As the liveliest sprite of a summer's day?—  
Old Boreas that killed all the delicate leaves,  
Dried the moss in the eaves,  
Withered the rushes, and trampled the flowers  
Raised by the spring in her sunniest hours,

Whitened the bosom of valley and hill—  
But he never could quiet that little wind-mill,  
That winter and summer  
Was its own drummer,  
Playing one season out, and another one in,  
A perfect young Topsy for mischief and din!  
Do you remember the fine old bell,  
That warned us home with its silvery knell?  
Mary, do you Remember?

Do you Remember! Yes.—The slave at the oar  
Of the galley he knows he can quit nevermore,  
No chain can more firmly, more hopelessly bind,  
Than time has enwoven those scenes with thy mind;  
And more that in memory's heart will remain,  
More than these, too, are struggling in memory's chain:  
Happy faces that met you in life's happy dawn,  
Of her that is living, and they that are gone;  
Happy faces that cluster, like hopes, round you still,  
Like the sunbeams that linger the last on the hill;  
And though sad or though pleasant these memories be  
They are fraught with the noblest of lessons to thee.

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## MY KITTEN.

Playful, kind, mischievous thing!  
Like a stream meandering  
Through the sun-enamored glade,  
Frisking when its course is stayed;

Leaping joyously along,  
With thy unassuming song,  
Delighted with the thought of living,  
Caring little how deceiving  
Is the world, with all its joys,  
Blighted hopes and false decoys.

Teasing, saucy little pest !  
Will you never be at rest ?  
Romp in and out the house,  
Chasing tabby for a mouse,  
Climbing nimbly up the door,  
Strewing papers round the floor,  
Prancing up and down the roof,  
Giving, every moment, proof  
That all living things should strive  
To be happy while alive.

Life to thee is but a play,  
Invented to pass time away ;  
Earth is not a house of grief ;  
Our existence is too brief  
To yield up a single hour  
To that grim, obtrusive power,  
Melancholy, with his brow  
Ever black as night with wo !  
I'd much rather be a kitten,  
With a love for humor smitten,  
Then be doomed to live on earth,  
And not have my share of mirth.

Puss ! I'd rather have it said  
That your waggish little head  
Rested archly on my shoulders,  
Making fun for all beholders,  
Than be forced to live for life  
With the world of gloom and strife.  
Yes—much rather would I be  
Full of merriment like thee,  
Than a gloomy misanthrope,  
Without any earthly hope  
E'er to live, as was designed,  
Happy both in heart and mind.

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## THE FROST KING'S REVEL.

It was a night of terror—fiercely bleak !  
The winds like haggard demons leaped along  
The whitened fields. Far o'er the piney hills,  
Far up among the mountain fastnesses,  
Their horrid laughter and avenging tones,  
Shook the red granite to its base. The trees  
Sprang from the frozen ground in fear, and fell  
Death-doomed to earth. Indifferent were they,  
These unrelenting and malignant winds,  
What poor misguided wretch they scourged to death ;  
Whether he struggled onward clad with rags,  
The sport and playthings of the spiteful breeze,  
That as it filled his very bones with chills

And heartfelt tremblings, whistled as it passed,  
A merry tune ; or whether favored less  
By some capricious messenger of Fate,  
His weary limbs refused to carry him  
To where a scanty shelter might be found,  
And he was forced to hug the ground and die,  
A victim to the Frost King's Judas kiss—  
'T was all the same.—The subtle winds swept down  
On all who madly ventured forth to dare  
Their rugged blasts that night. Theirs was the task  
To swell the almost endless catalogue  
Of those who perished by their cruel aid :  
A countless multitude, whose names were traced  
Upon a scroll the hoary Frost King held  
In his firm grasp, as, seated on a cloud  
Of snowy vapour, he was wafted through  
The skies, by winds that loved to do him homage.

Onward he sped, attended by his train  
Of tyrannous dependents: Winds that pierced  
And froze the marrow in men's bones, that chilled  
The blood, so that it nourished not the frame,  
But crept, cold and unnatural, in slow  
And sluggish motion through the heart ; vapours  
That quenched the stars and darkened all the air,  
Bearing their frozen spray o'er many a league  
Of country. These obeyed their monarch's nod,  
Joyed in his frowns, and watched his meteor-eye  
To catch an icy look of cool approval,

As they performed their ærial manœuvres,  
Or sprinkled showers of snow upon the earth,  
Or laid some miserable hovel low,  
Leaving its inmates in the cold to perish.

The merry monarch held his boisterous way  
Through mid-air, marshaling his blackest clouds,  
Devising cruel schemes wherewith he might  
Descend, and torture some unconscious wretch,  
Who, unsuspecting, lay upon his couch,  
Dreaming of happiness. His keen eyes gleam,  
Like rival stars, that through the wintry night  
Flash hatred on each other; his gaze is fixed  
On earth; and shouting a triumphant shout,  
That strikes the echoes dumb in the hill sides,  
He claps his deathly hands, as, smilingly,  
He marks some scene of suffering below,  
On which his heartless look is fixed. The winds  
Gather their fiercest blasts; the vapoury car  
Restrains its airy flight; and hastening down  
To view the fearful scene and claim his rights,  
The Frost-King comes. It is a sight of awe,  
From which, and justly too, the sensitive mind  
Recoils with terror. Flames are seen to rise,  
Mouthing the shrinking air with feverous lips,  
Scorching the raven locks from night's dark brow,  
And showering up swift, burning-pointed darts,  
That rend the tortured bosom of the sky,  
And rive the clouds in twain. Affrighted cries,

And shrieks of thrilling anguish and despair,  
Resound abroad; the mother clasps her babes,  
And flies the shelter of her burning roof,  
With scarce a tatter snatched up in her haste,  
To shield them from the cold. Their humble home  
Is soon reduced to ashes. 'Tis the dead  
Of night. The winds unmercifully beat  
Against their naked forms. For many miles  
No human dwelling can be found, wherein  
They might obtain a refuge from the storm,  
That with its breath inclement, sharp and cold,  
Shrivels the tender skin, and numbs the flesh  
Of these poor houseless ones. No strength have they  
To move their stiffened joints. Their breath departs,  
With many a groan, light-breathed, inaudible,  
And they a group of corpses strew the ground.

Blow on, stern tyrants! death-leagued winds that  
come  
From out the north's bleak chambers, vent your rage!  
Above, below, on earth, and in the sky,  
Gather your forces; set the deadliest parts  
Of your destructive, dread machinery  
In motion, and the hoary Prince of Cold  
Bear far away from the appalling view  
Of this too-tragic picture! Now unrolls  
The fatal scroll. The Frost King writes thereon  
The names of his last victims, and ascends,  
With triumph in his eye, to seek new haunts

Where he can exercise his brief authority,  
And make his arbitrary presence felt.

Across wide tracts of country sped the car.  
As quick as thought the surly king was borne  
Over primeval forests, where the trees,  
Like those in hardy Lapland, hid in snow,  
Scarce shewed their leafless tops; o'er deserts wide,  
Where roamed the Indian and the trapper, free  
Joyous and unconstrained, as if they trod  
The grassy sod of Summer; o'er the gay  
And populous city, where luxurious Ease  
And Plenty dared his ghostly train to enter.  
No passion had he for the glories of  
The tropics, or the blooming of the south;  
Brazilian forests, or the slumberous lakes  
Of Guinea, or the bamboo-covered banks  
Of the immortal Ganges; or the woods  
And prairies of the unfathomed ocean deeps;  
Italian sunsets; the delicious skies  
Of Greece; where'er continual Summer reigned;  
Or where Mozambique or Arabian gales  
Scent the fine air a furlong out at sea:  
On these his spectre vision rested not.

But like a fiend he hastened to the Cape,  
Where reigns eternal winter; to the plains  
Bordering on the Icy Sea; across  
Norwegian hills, or o'er the desert bleak  
Where the brave sons of Sweden, years ago,

Fell patriot victims to the northern blast ;  
Nor stayed to pluck a single Alpine rose,  
That, like a cherub in the midst of death,  
Peered in sweet beauty o'er the icy mass.  
Now, he beheld the gleaming palaces  
Of Russia's tyrant realm ; and now, he swept  
Over Siberian deserts ; or reviewed,  
A moment after, Greenland's frost-bound plains,  
Which, in interminable fields of ice,  
Lay stretched in vastness. Hast'ning back he comes,  
With rage impatient, furious with delay,  
To tread his old haunts o'er and o'er again,  
In search of death. The Northern skies grow dark  
At his approach ; the poor his presence dread,  
Though tremblingly submit, with many a sigh,  
To all his rude, tyrannic pleasantries.  
High on the cold bleak hills, on mountain peaks,  
That rear their whitened summits to the skies,  
He, watchful, sits. High up above the Alps,  
He listens to the echoes whooping through  
The snow-bound defiles, like a troop of wolves  
Howling among the hills. Swiftly he flies,  
As the last echo fells the avalanche,  
And sweeps the venturous traveller to his doom ;  
Records his victims ; mounts his car again,  
And like a universal spirit-thought,  
Circles the world. His eagle eye is strained,  
To catch an early glimpse of dire mishaps,  
And rude disasters ; and his lengthening scroll

Is oft unrolled and furled, and op'd again,  
As he inscribes the name of many a youth  
And buxom dame, o'ertaken by the storm,  
That yield to his embrace—the clasp of Death !

Here, the too happy swain, returning home  
From the exciting dance, with some fair girl,  
His chosen partner and affianced bride,  
Drives the impatient horse o'er the frail ice,  
That bends beneath their weight, when down they sink,  
Beyond the reach of help. And here, from some  
Vile brothel, rank with pestilence and crime,  
The senseless Drunkard reels, uncertain where  
To seek the home he might have made a heaven,  
And where his wife, a-weeping o'er her babe,  
Like a drenched lily o'er a budding rose,  
Patiently droops, awaiting his return—  
Return !—Long has the wily Frost King marked  
That senseless and inebriated fool,  
Who, sinking 'neath his weight of wretchedness,  
Extends himself upon the ground, and dies !  
These, from his high retreat, and thousands more,  
Well pleased, the rugged Frost King sees expire.  
Thus is his dreaded reign, from year to year,  
Pregnant with death. His icy sceptre sways  
These Northern wilds for months ; until the Spring—  
Creation's first-born — comes through the smiling  
          heavens,  
And hurls the tyrant monarch from his throne.

## ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Greatest twain among the nations,  
Bound, alike, by kindred ties—  
Ties that never should be sundered  
While your banners grace the skies—  
But, united, stand and labor,  
Side by side, and hand in hand,  
Battling with the sword of Freedom,  
For the peace of every land.  
Yours the one beloved language,  
Yours the same religious creed,  
Yours the glory and the power,  
Great as ever was the meed  
Of old Rome, or Greece, or Sparta,  
When their arms victoriously,  
Proved their terrible puissance  
Over every land and sea.

Let the Son respect the Sire,  
Let the Father love the Son,  
Both unitedly supporting  
All the glories they have won :  
Thus in concert nobly wrestling,  
They may work the world's release,  
And when having crushed its tyrants,  
Stand the Sentinels of Peace—  
Stand, the mighty twin Colossus',  
Giants of the latter days,

Straight'ning for the coming kingdom  
All the steep and rugged ways,  
Down which many a lofty nation—  
Lofty on the scroll of fame—  
Has been swept to righteous judgment,  
Naught remaining but its name.

What! allied to Merrie England,  
Have ye not a noble birth?  
Yours, America, her honors,  
Yours her every deed of worth.  
Have ye not her Norman courage?  
Wear ye not her Saxon cast?  
Boast ye not her love of Freedom?  
Do ye not revere the Past?  
When her mighty Men of Genius—  
Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope,  
Glorified that selfsame language,  
Since become your pride and hope?  
Do ye not respect the council  
Where her living statesmen sit?  
Would ye blot the fame of Walpole?  
Dare ye slight the name of Pitt?

Did not Locke, and Hume, and Smollett,  
All conspire to make thee great  
In the priceless pearls of Wisdom  
Which such gifted minds create?

Did not Cranmer suffer for thee ?  
    Boldly dying at the stake,  
When the mitred Roman Pontiff  
    Scourged him for his conscience' sake !  
Did not Latimer and Ridley  
    Perish for the very creed  
Which your free-born sons would fight for  
    In the bitter hour of need ?  
Did not Luther triumph for thee,  
    In that dear Religion's cause ?  
That strong prop that now supports thee—  
    Did not Alfred frame thy Laws ?

And not less is thine the glory,  
    England, of thy daring son ;  
Webster, Cooper, Clay, and Irving,  
    Thine the fame which they have won ;  
Thine the fame of Western Genius—  
    Bryant, Hoffinan, Whittier, Read ;  
Wisdom's words by them are garnered,  
    They have sown the precious seed  
Which thy sons in future ages—  
    Thine and theirs—for ye are one—  
Shall be proud to reap the fruit of—  
    Jewels set in Wisdom's Sun !  
These, where'er thy tongue is spoken,  
    Will add splendor to thy name,  
And thy wisest tongues pronounce them,  
    Worthy of enduring fame.

There will come a time, my Brothers,  
And a dread time it will be,  
When your swords will flash together,  
For your Faith in jeopardy.  
Not for crowns, or lands, or sceptres,  
Will the fight be fought and won,  
Not for fame, or treaties broken,  
But for God, and God alone :  
For the mind with which he bless'd us,  
That a false creed would keep down,  
Shackle—bind it to its purpose—  
To uphold a falling crown.  
See that then ye fail not, Brothers !  
Set the listening skies aglow  
With such deeds as live in heaven,  
If your Faith be worth a blow.

Proud, then, of each other's greatness,  
Ever struggle side by side ;  
Noble Son ! time-honored Parent !  
Let no paltry strife divide  
Hearts like yours, that should be mindful  
Only of each others' worth—  
Mindful of your high position  
'Mongst the powers of the earth.  
Mightiest twain among the nations !  
Bound, alike, by kindred ties—  
Ties that never should be sundered,  
While your banners grace the skies ;

Hearts and dest'nies once united,  
Steadfast to each other prove,  
Bind them with enduring fetters—  
Bind them with the Bonds of Love.

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## THE WRECK.

“When the steamer HOME was wrecked upon the beach at Ocracoke, N. C., they rang the bell incessantly until she went to pieces on the breakers; and that melancholy sound was heard at a distance, above the noise of the waves.”

---

Hark! hark to the knell  
Of that wild-voiced bell,  
That rings o'er the surging waves,  
Each tone doth sweep  
O'er the troubled deep,  
Like a voice from the seamen's graves!

While borne to the shore,  
Is the breakers' roar,  
And the elements' wild halloo,  
The dismal sound  
Of its voice hath drowned  
The shouts of the struggling crew.

Swiftly the wreck,  
Like a stricken speck  
On the wild upheaving main,  
Sinks through the deep,

With a sudden sweep,  
Like a pang through a tyrant's brain.

But the last wild sound  
On that deep profound,  
Heard high o'er the winds and waves,  
Is the startling knell  
Of that loud-voiced bell,  
Passing down to the seamen's graves.

And each struggling form  
In that fearful storm,  
As he gasps for a parting breath,  
Feels a sudden thrill,  
As that warning shrill  
Tolls him down to the Ship of Death.

And so when the world  
From its place is hurled,  
Like a speck will it pass away,  
And all ears shall hear,  
O'er the crash severe,  
The knell of the Judgment Day.

---

## THE LOFTY AND THE LOWLY.

There's not a page of nature's book  
O'er which the thoughtful eye may look,  
But fills the mind with praise ;  
There's not a plant that springs below,

E'en to the lowliest shrubs that grow  
Beneath the sun's bright rays,  
But claims a more than passing share  
Of admiration and of care.

With pride we view the stately oak,  
Feel, when it meets the woodman's stroke,  
As for a friend cut down ;  
While the sweet daisy by its side,  
In all its unassuming pride,  
By the same stroke o'erthrown—  
How few lament its sudden fate—  
Our sympathy is with the great !

Thus does the world about us feel  
For an ambitious statesman's weal,  
Whereas a poor man's woe  
Is seldom either known or felt,  
Although he may, perhaps, have dealt—  
For aught strict worldlings know—  
More good in his small circle than  
His more important fellow-man.

I've seen a fawning parasite,  
The pliant tool of men of might,  
Attended to his grave  
By troops of friends, who'd shared his gold,  
Which made his virtues manifold—  
A good man of a knave ;  
And I've seen men of sterling worth  
Borne rudely to their parent earth,

Because, forsooth! they died so poor  
That all their worth could not procure  
The friendship of the world :  
They were the daisies which had grown  
Uncared for, and in part unknown,  
And those the oak trees, hurled  
By some rude blast of fortune down,  
But miss'd—for they had smelt renown!

---

## I DREAMED I MET THEE.

I dreamed I met thee, with the glow  
Of Girlhood fresh upon thy cheek,  
As when thy voice, serene and low,  
In love's undying tones did speak ;  
And through my heart, and to my brain,  
Rushed life's warm current wildly-free,  
As memory brought back again  
My Boyhood's earnest love for thee.

'Twas midst a gay and brilliant throng,  
Where dancers glided to and fro,  
And where the wild, impassioned song,  
Brought to each eye love's burning glow ;  
But we had strayed apart from all  
The gayer spirits that had met—  
Some to enjoy the festal ball,  
Others to banish deep regret.

Our lips moved not, we did not seek  
By words to tell some love-lorn wile,  
Secrets, which words could never speak,  
Were told by an impressive smile.  
But there was language in each look,  
That could a kindred mind control,  
Language the impatient could not brook—  
The silent commune of the soul.

Thus would I meet thee, fairest one!  
If there the power should be given  
To know each other, where the Sun  
Of Love forever shines, in Heaven.  
Oh! joy beyond what earth can give!  
To see thee and to know thee, where  
The good in endless pleasures live—  
'Twere heaven, indeed, if thou wert there.

---

## THE CHANGES OF A NIGHT.

Midnight had set her star-emblazoned seal  
Upon the slumbering world. I could not sleep.  
Thoughts flashed across my mind at every throb  
Of my lone heart; and voices came to me,  
From my hushed chamber's solitary depths,  
That I'd long loved to listen to. I heard  
The merry laugh of one, whose girlhood's heart,  
Light as the spotted fawn's in summer woods,

Beat proudly when I smiled upon her love.  
I saw her glide mysteriously past,  
And felt the pressure of her heart-warmed hand.  
The same rich music floated from her lips,  
As when, in happier days, she sung to me  
The tender ballads of a far-off land :  
Her very breath was song, her words were odes,  
That set the pulses of the heart aglow  
With a divine exuberance of love,  
As pure as starbeams round the throne of night.  
My soul was flooded with a bounding joy—  
Surely 'tis love that quickens us for heaven,  
As day-break heralds the impassioned sun !  
The heavy clouds that draped my spirit's skies,  
And hung like opiate slumbers on my brain,  
Had burned to rose-hues in the flame of love.  
She spake ; my sense expanding like the rose  
That opens to the song o' the nightingale,  
And buoys on wings of perfume every note,  
Meeting the silvery breathings of the stars  
Midway from heaven. And sweet sleep came not.  
My palpitating brain was burning with  
The mountain-thoughts that crushed me with their weight,  
And laid me panting on my restless couch.  
I staggered forth and drank the cooling breeze  
That swept with gentle motion through the air.  
The dew of heaven lay upon the grass,  
A mimic star-world on a ground of green,  
And on the trembling leaves of the young trees,

It glistened, like the globes of rain that lodge  
Upon them after a refreshing shower.

Silence was on my soul ; and silence wrapt  
The lucid atmosphere. I looked above :  
The stars were shining on the brow of night,  
Like diamonds pendent from a sapphire dome,  
And blazing planets glittered on her breast,  
As jewels deck a queen. There Venus burned  
Her vestal lamp ; and there Orion gleamed,  
To cheer the mariner upon his way  
Across the midnight waters ; and along  
The milky way a gauzy light was thrown,  
Through which the bright stars glimmered, like the eyes  
Of some fair beauty underneath her veil,  
That cannot hide their dazzling brilliancy.  
In the far west the moon was gliding down  
To soothe the restless billows at her feet,  
That wrapped their gray heads in her silver robes,  
Leaving the untold myriads of stars  
That syllable the praises of the night,  
To sing their parting hymns ere they put on  
Their robes of ether, or retire into  
Their air-suspended chambers, hung aloft  
By the strong arm of the Invisible.  
The river, like a tired Palmer, lay  
Dreaming of endless quiet ; but afar,  
In the now darkened distance, which the eye  
Could dimly penetrate, the noise of waves

Was heard distinctly, as they rolled along  
In dead, unbroken swells: They heralded  
The coming storm. The rivulet that dashed  
Its molten amber-drops of cooling water  
Against the rocks that dallied with its course,  
Like red-haired giants toying with a child,  
Mingled its precious tribute with the stream  
That lay extended many a sullen mile,  
But which regarded not the offering  
Which evermore the streamlet ministered  
To her insatiable thirst. The breeze  
Sprang down and loosed the white manes of the waves,  
That, startled, moaned along the echoing shore,  
Like snow wreaths scudding from the borean blast,  
Shrieking aloud for fear. These lashed the cliffs  
Far up the mountain-side. The unchained winds  
Laid the old trees, that had withstood the gales  
Of half a century, prostrate on the earth.  
This sudden change the various passions of  
The human mind resembled. Quietness,  
And Peace, and blissful Calm usurp the breast,  
Until some unexpected power arise,  
To force them from their place. Shades dark and light  
Are ever flitting o'er the mind. These are  
The ebb and flow—the evil and the good  
Of human nature, that forever strive  
Within us, each at times predominant.  
In haste I sought my solitary home ;  
And as the morning had not dawned, I threw

Myself upon my couch, and meditated  
On what had passed. Delicious slumber came  
Unbidden, and I sank into repose,  
And dreamed of happy faces and bright forms  
That used to mingle with my boyhood's sports.

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## TO REV. JAMES G. WITTED.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HIS BROTHER.

Death ever snatching up some valued friend,  
Sudden as the vexed lightning strips the boughs  
Of the strong oak! Oh! will it never end?  
This scourge, that fades the crimson from my Rose  
Of Life! Will heaven never interpose,  
And stay its shafts, till the last arrow cleave  
My own lashed heart, and my eyes forever close  
Their weary watchings? For my Friend I grieve.  
He, for his Brother-Friend, while I, in Sorrow, weave

A wreath of Cypress for the sable Urn  
Of Grief, in which the tears of Memory  
Are shrined, as well as in the hearts they burn,  
With their slow, withering intensity.  
Far o'er the wave, how many souls there be  
Who feel the stroke that has surprised us here!  
But not of Friends alone—the agony  
That rends the bosom of the wife; the tear  
That scalds the orphan's cheek: these fill Grief's gloomy  
sphere.

When he, with his strong frame, and manly glow  
Of robust health, gave waiting death his hand,  
Who may expect exemption from the blow  
That thus strikes down the ablest in the land?  
Our spirits, too, my Friend, at Death's command,  
Must follow his, that the deep mysteries,  
That lie beyond the scope of man, may stand  
Disrobed before us, and with soul-like ease  
We may peruse the secrets of the infinities.

The dead are ever with us: ever round  
About us hovering, like rainbows o'er  
The cloud. There's not a foot of ground  
On which we tread, where Truth has gone before,  
That is not hallowed thence, for evermore,  
By the blest footprints of the souls we love.  
There is no death. The Shape that guards the shore  
Where Life's frail journey ends, is Mercy's dove,  
That brings us renewed life from life's great source above.

Well may'st thou grieve! A noble manhood sat  
Upon his brow; and in his eye, a true  
Nobility of Soul—an eye whereat  
Friendship might light her paling lamp anew.  
He found a milder home than that which drew  
His footsteps from that dear beloved strand,  
With the fond Brother of his youth, to view  
The boundless garden of the Western land,  
Pleased with its generous clime, its breezes soft and bland.

Not far from where the Mississippi's wave  
Rolls its rich freightage through the fertile West,  
The hands of Stranger-Friends have made his grave,  
And borne his body to its shrouded rest.  
God oft removes the friends whom we love best :  
That through Affliction we may nearer come  
To Him and them. Through suffering are we blest,  
And purified ; surmount life's darkest gloom.  
He, Friend, perchance, was called, to bring thee nearer  
home !

---

## EDITH TO HAROLD

AT HIS CORONATION.

Life of my life ! joy of my inmost soul !  
Whose life and death are destined to control  
My spirit's being : let me think of thee,  
Possessor of my heart's idolatry !  
Bright was the day with sunlight from above,  
When first you whispered of long-cherished love ;  
When that stout heart that beats for England's weal,  
Was bound by chains as strong as chains of steel ;  
When that strong arm with tender fondness press'd  
My yielding form against your throbbing breast ;  
When that calm eye, in danger's hour serene,  
Gazed on my brow as on your future Queen ;  
When that loud voice, deep as the trumpet's sound,  
Rang in my ears, and made my spirit bound

With feelings such as they can never know  
Who spurn the blind God as men spurn a foe.

I do not weep, nor think the less of thee,  
That thou prefer'st thy country's weal to me,  
The fates absolve thee, Harold, from thy vow,  
And to my cruel destiny I bow,  
Content to know none other name but mine  
Will be inscribed on that firm breast of thine,  
Save hers, thy country's—England's—with whose fame  
Will ever live King Harold's noble name.

Oft do I think upon our childhood's hours,  
When day by day we culled the wildwood flowers.  
What holy joy inspired us when we met!  
Our partings, too, how saddened with regret!  
Until a childish kiss relieved the pain,  
And vows were pledged that we should meet again.

I think of thy long sojourn in the land  
Of strangers; and of thy return, to stand  
By the decree of thy Country and thy King.  
One name to every English lip did spring,  
One name was shouted by both Thegn and Ceorl;  
That name was Harold's—Harold, England's Earl!  
I think on the love-consecrated knoll,  
Deep in the forest glade, where love's control  
Held in soft bonds your manly heart and mine,  
And you confessed your love and called me thine.  
And I was happy; and my spirit yearned

For thee; and blushes—maiden blushes—burned  
My cheeks, as, gazing on thy noble form,  
I knew thy love, more resolute and warm,  
Was still as pure as in those childish days,  
When on your brow I placed the verdant bays,  
Calling each one a Crown, and thee—a King!  
Strange that such prophecies should oftentimes bring  
Their own fulfilment; and that time will make  
The jests of lisping childhood oft partake  
Of truthfulness. These sinless days have pass'd—  
Oh! that their sweetness could forever last!

When war, like an avenging spirit, rose,  
And thou pursuedst thy country's daring foes,  
My soul was with thee. In thy adverse hour,  
I felt as if heaven had given me the power  
To rescue thee from danger: for I knew—  
By the sweet feelings understood by few—  
The blending of our spirits—when the arm  
Of the proud foe was o'er thee. Not the charm  
Devised by Hilda with such secret care,  
Availed thee more than Edith's humble prayer.  
It was the prayer of Love; and Love is strong,  
And triumphs, ev'n as Right must conquer Wrong,  
And Truth o'erpower Falsehood. Not only then,  
When in fair fight you met your fellow-men,  
Did my prophetic soul the dangers see—  
As in a mirror—which encompassed thee;  
But when thou wentest to the Norman's land,

I saw thy fleet endangered on the strand,  
And prayed for thy release. In pain I wept,  
When William, the ambitious Norman, kept  
England's great hero at that pompous court  
Against his will : and sought with Norman sport,  
And glittering festivity, to find  
Some hidden inlet to thy giant mind ;  
Some secret entrance still unfortified  
Against the fopperies of Norman pride.

But England's name was written on thy heart,  
For England's fame you gently bore the smart,  
And treasured up the insult in that soul  
That never yet was swayed by man's control,  
Nor artifice nor insult long could brook  
From a deceitful foe. Yet one more look  
Upon that Kingly brow, and on thy Queen,  
Who sits where I—thy Edith—might have been,  
Had heaven willed it so ; and I retire  
For ever from the world, but to aspire  
To an immortal heritage—a throne,  
Not so uncertain, Harold, as thine own.  
Once in my humble cell, my prayers shall be  
Employed in meek sincerity for thee.

Beloved Harold ! Joy of my heart's joy !  
Mainspring of my existence ! From a boy,  
Sweet partner of my soul ! my bosom's lord !  
Here and in heaven my constancy's reward—  
Farewell !—But not forever be it said :

Once more I'll meet thee, where the ransomed dead  
Of this world win that immortality  
Which such bright minds as thine, from error free,  
Aspire to. One look more, and then—farewell !  
Thou hast thy Throne, and Edith has—her Cell !

---

## SONG OF THE NEW YEAR.

I come, I come on untiring wing,  
As swift as a ray of light ;  
From the far off realms of immensity,  
I come to claim my right.  
As the blushing Morn is newly born  
From the depths of startled Night,  
Even so do I, Phoenix-like, arise,  
From the last faint breath the Old Year sighs.

I come, I come to rule o'er a world  
Of mingled Joy and Woe ;  
The former alone 't is mine to bring,  
Of the latter ye've had enow !  
Choose, then, ye millions of thinking souls ;  
Who wills it can bestow  
A share of the joy that is needed here,  
To banish the ills ye hold so dear.

Choose, choose, ye vessels of mighty thoughts  
That are given from God to man ;  
Would ye revel in black iniquity

Through life's uncertain span !  
Or lay before heaven those acts of love  
That Angels are pleased to scan ?  
Choose—choose—in that choice are the Future's  
seeds,  
I am here as a witness to all your deeds.

I know but little of earthly strife,  
And less of earthly care,  
But I must study the dark of life,  
As well as the bright and fair,  
Though I come of a mild, celestial race,  
That has never known despair,  
From a land where a million suns are known  
To shed their light on our monarch's throne.

And much of that light travels down to earth ;  
The Sun and the Moon on high,  
And the Stars, from their silent watch-towers,  
Spread it round through the tranquil sky ;  
And the wings of Angels that come unseen,  
But are ever hovering nigh,  
Are evermore bringing, by day and night,  
To the dwellers on earth, that celestial light.

I, too, on my mission of peace, bring down  
The light of the living day,  
To illumine the path of earth's hopeless ones,  
Who in evil have gone astray,  
As well as to guide the steps of those

Who are walking in wisdom's way ;  
Oh ! spurn it not, nor quench its beams  
In the evil that runs through earth's foul streams.

Like you, ye dwellers on earth's fair soil,  
I, also, must sojourn here,  
Till, having performed my appointed task,  
I am winged to another sphere,  
Where I will meet—in the vast beyond—  
The ghosts of each by-gone year,  
Where the waters of Time's unfathomed sea  
Roll on to the shores of Eternity.

And many who now are flushed with health,  
Will I meet on that distant strand,  
For well will I know my own fair flowers,  
When they bloom in the spirit-land,  
Where each glad year that has wandered here ,  
Is chief of the goodly band  
That during his stay has been called away  
To the realms that smile in endless day.

I come, I come on untiring wing,  
As swift as a ray of light,  
From the far off realms of immensity  
I come to enforce my right.  
Let there be Joy through the universe,  
And let Sorrow feel its might,  
For in Joy there is Wisdom, and Strength and  
Love,  
And Sorrow lives not in the realms above.

## SOUL, THOU ART LONELY.

Soul, thou'rt lonely—calm and lonely,

Lonely as the stricken deer,

Waiting for its lost companions

Slaughtered in the distant mere,

Sadness is thy earthly portion,

Sadness that beclouds the mind,

Scarce a single vestige leaving

Of God's glorious light behind.

Yes, my soul, thou'rt sad and lonely.

Be thou to thy lot resigned.

Couldst thou but forget the moments,

Few in number, that have pass'd

O'er thee, like the light of evening,

Leaving all in gloom at last ;

Could some gently-rolling Lethe

Wash remembrance from the mind,

Blotting out the golden day-dreams

Those fond moments left behind ;

Then, my soul, how shouldst thou triumph !

Then thou mightest be resigned.

But so long as memory looketh

With regret upon the past,

Feasting on the priceless treasures

Then, in brighter days, amassed,

Will the sweet remembrance foster

This drear loneliness of mind,

Though my best resolves should prompt thee,

Like true friends with counsel kind,  
To shake off thy chains of bondage,  
And be to thy lot resigned.

Yes, my soul, thou'rt sad and lonely,  
Lonely as the mateless dove,  
When the cruel blasts of winter  
Have deprived it of its love.  
Could fond Hope resume its empire  
Over my deserted mind,  
And retouch the fading day-dream  
Dim within my thoughts enshrined,  
Then couldst thou shake off this sadness,  
To thy future lot resigned.

---

## PEACE, FOND SOUL.

Peace, fond soul, the restless fancies  
Ever flitting o'er my mind,  
Must not mar thy weal eternal,  
Must not strike thy Reason blind !  
Fortune still may frown upon thee,  
Disappointment's sable wings  
May, as ever, hover o'er thee,  
Shadowing all lovely things,  
But do thou, my Soul, be pressing  
Where no ills shall bid thee mourn,  
Ever onward—ever upward—  
Upward to thy certain bourne.

What are all the earthly pastimes,  
All the joys that thou couldst win,  
In this world of joy and sorrow,  
In this Pleasure-house of Sin—  
What are they—the sweetest of them,  
Likened to a moment's space  
Of that clime where thou art hast'ning,  
Of that Treasure-house of Grace?  
Like a single drop of water,  
Falling in the ocean-wave,  
Swallowed up and gone forever,  
Buried in a boundless grave!

Ropes of sand ! they cannot bind thee,  
Thou art strong, and should prevail ;  
Mount, then, on Faith's golden pinions,  
Gird thee on thy coat of mail,  
Place the helmet on thy temples,  
Take the sword in thy right hand,  
Stand on Truth's eternal mountains,  
Battling for the Holy Land ;  
And no earthly ills will daunt thee,  
No opponent bid thee quail,  
For thy God will make thee victor,  
Thou art strong, and shalt prevail.

But beware, in this thy conflict  
With the world, its cares and pelf,  
That thy zeal does not undo thee—  
Learn to conquer, first, thyself:

Then thou may'st go forth and prosper,  
Nerved with power from above,  
Battling for thine own salvation,  
With a christian zeal and love ;  
And, with humble firmness, shaking  
Off the griefs that bade thee mourn,  
Thou shalt reach the Eternal City,  
Reach thine own eternal bourne.

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## MERRY CHRISTMAS.

“Christmas, Merry Christmas !”

Cries the proud man at his board,  
As he thinks upon his larder,

With the choicest dainties stored ;

“Christmas, Merry Christmas !”

Grunts the gourmand by his side,  
Till his sluggish soul is gladdened,  
And his bosom swells with pride.

“Christmas, Merry Christmas !”

Shouts the toper o'er his glass ;

“Here's a health to Merry Christmas—

Toast it quickly, ere it pass !”

“Christmas, Merry Christmas !”

Shouts his friend with drunken glee,  
Though to him this Merry Christmas  
Is a day of misery.

"Christmas, Merry Christmas!"

Growls the miser o'er his gold,  
As he counts the glowing treasures  
For which happiness was sold.

"Christmas, Merry Christmas?"

Whispers conscience in his ear,  
And he thinks of happier moments,  
And, perchance, he sheds a tear.

"Christmas, Merry Christmas!"

Laughs the maiden in her mirth,  
As she stands beside her mirror,  
The most artless one on earth.

"Christmas, Merry Christmas!"

Sings her lover, with a smile,  
As he takes the kiss of welcome,  
In the good old Christmas style.

"Christmas, Merry Christmas?"

Asks the beggar, as he goes  
On his daily round of sorrow,  
To rehearse his train of woes;

"Christmas, Merry Christmas?"

Shrewdly asks his starving wife,  
As mad hunger grasps her infant,  
And assails its parent's life.

Yes, "Merry, Merry Christmas!"

Shriek the suff'ring in despair,  
"Merry Christmas to the Wealthy,

Strangers to both Want and Care ! ”  
“ Yes, Merry, Merry Christmas ! ”  
Cries the Rich Man at his door,  
While weak voices shriek around him :  
“ Merry Christmas for the Poor ! ”

Ye favored Sons of Affluence !  
With Health and Plenty bless'd,  
Think of the sick and suffering,  
The needy and distressed ;  
Turn not back, at this glad season,  
The beggar from your door,  
For an open hand can ease the heart,  
And your charities insure  
A blessing on your works, and bring  
A Merry Christmas to the Poor.

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## A PLEA FOR THE WOODS.

To the woods ! to the woods ! where the flowers are  
springing ;  
Their flight through the forest the wild birds are winging ;  
Come on, Child of Nature, who lovest the streams  
That dance through this land of thy fanciful dreams,  
Come, roam through the wildwood, fair creature ! with  
me,  
Where the Anthem of Nature is chanted for thee ;  
Away to the Woods ! for fresh beauty we'll seek,  
While the soft summer breezes lend health to thy cheek.

To the Woods! to the Woods! there is life in the  
breeze,

That bears on its wings the sweet balm of the trees;  
There is health in the depths of the intricate wild  
Of the dark, embrowned wilderness; off then, my child:  
Gay Nymph of my Fancy! away, sweet! away!  
Indulge in thy pastimes, and health shall repay  
The toil of thy journey, though far be thy flight;  
And return when thy bosom is warmed with delight.

There is health in the odor that comes from the soil  
That is furrowed and ploughed by the husbandman's  
toil;

There is health on the mountain, and health in the vale,  
Where the breeze is not laden with sorrow and wail.  
The Indian, who lives as his forefathers did,  
In the thick-branching woods, where his wigwam is hid,  
Knows nothing of trouble, or sickness, or care,  
For the forest supplies him with life-giving air.

To the Woods! to the Woods, then, nor scorn to be seen  
With the Child of the Forest, whose dignified mien  
Is that of a Chief, unrestricted and free  
As the breezes that sweep o'er a mid-summer sea.  
Away to the Woods! for the Goddess of Health  
Stands inviting us thence, to partake of her wealth;  
Away, then, away, where no plodding knave broods  
O'er dark schemes of revenge—to the Woods! to the  
Woods!

## LITTLE LIBBY.

Child of the sunny brow ! mysteriously beautiful  
Are those radiant eyes of thine, so full of hidden  
meanings.

From their depths of blue enigmatical voices speak  
In language fraught with silent eloquence and love,  
That cannot be interpreted. Dost thou live in the Ideal ?  
Thou, so young in years that the mild dawn of infancy  
Dwells yet upon thy rosy features. Dost thou dream  
of worlds

Where spirits like thine own—extremes of purity,  
And models of young Innocence, do dwell ?

Or, are thy dreams of earth ? child of the thoughtful eye,  
Of earth, and all the wild realities

That throng our sinning, lovely world ?

Or wherefore gazest thou, as if the deep reflections  
Of the happy spirits of the sunny skies

Were centred all in thee ? Mysterious are those eyes,  
Brimful of unspoken mystery, and lovely as the stars !

Child of serene beatitude !

Almost thou claimest our idolatry.

Child of my heart's unselfish love !

Bright type of angelic simplicity

Sent hither from above ;

Earth holds nought lovelier than thee,

Child of the polished brow and laughing eye !

The glory of the Eternal rests upon thee ;

Thou art spotless as heaven's azure sky,  
And gentle as the dove.

Child of the thoughtful eye, the sunny, curl-kissed brow !  
Fair as an evening moonbeam is the soft sweetness  
Of thy angelic features—the truthful mirror that reflects  
The celestial brightness of thy unerring soul,  
Even as in the river's face the stars are nightly glassed.  
Perfection seated on its loftiest eminence,  
Where the transient beauty of this world wings not  
Its daring flight, cannot compare with thee,  
Or vie with the heavenly intellectuality  
Of thy serene and faultlessly-moulded countenance.

Type of the truly beautiful !

Figure of the truly happy and the pure !

Fair and unsurpassable creation !

Wast thou sent hither to endure

Such trials as may furrow that calm brow,

And bedim those lustrous eyes,

That surpass all bright things ? thou peerless one !

Child of the early morning ! child of the sunny brow !  
On which the spirit's divine immortality  
Forever sits ; scarce can I deem thee of this earth,  
For God has given thee the likeness of an angel,  
And left the unmistakable impress of a divine hand  
Upon thee. Thou art softer than the holy radiance  
Of the immortal stars, that love to look on thee,  
Thou art so like to them in brightness, and thou seem'st  
To have enticed from the planetary fields

Two of their most beautiful and lustrous ornaments.

Child of the blooming cheek ! the marble brow !

Thou wast surely born to love ; to learn love's various  
teachings.

We admire thee when thou art rapt in wakeful.  
dreamings ;

We watch the eloquent expression of thy mild features ;  
And listen to the innocent prattle of thy fairy lips.

All these bespeak thee a child of love. Love supremely  
reigns

In all thy looks, and in thy magic whisperings ;

A love that purifies and elevates the heart ;

Thy voice is delectable music, that stirs the inmost soul.

Would that thou wert not doomed to earthly sorrows !

They are inseparable from love. They give the visions  
Of the bright mind a tinge of gloom, and mar its soft  
enjoyment.

Sorrow and Love, alas ! go hand in hand. They are  
Twin issues of the one fate—the one unrelenting destiny.

Child of the blooming cheek !

Where young Love tends the delicate rose,

Sorrow and Love may both be thine ?

God keep thy gentle spirit meek,

Breathe on thee with breath divine,

And shield thee from Love's woes !

Child of the rose-tinged cheek ! Child of the lily brow !

Let the selfish Atheist approach, and gaze upon thy  
beauty.

Dare he deny that thou wilt live hereafter ?

Dare he deny that on thy Celestial countenance

Is stamped the impress of the soul's bright immortality ?

Will he not there trace the right hand of Omnipotence ?

The breathings of a Divine Creator visible in every  
lineament ?

There speaks the undying soul ; there the spirit's throne  
is erected ;

There the intent of our earthly pilgrimage may be read.

If such a proof as thou art do not impress his mind

With the full certainty of man's eternal destiny,

Let him begone from hence and herd among the brutes !

Child of the placid brow ! child of the laughing lip !

Child of the eloquent, thoughtful, dreamy eye !

Child of the musing look — the look of unchildish  
earnestness,

Wherefore wast thou made so beautiful ?

The loveliest rose must fade ; the lily lose its whiteness,

And the mild eye of the blue violet must close in death !

Thy brow will yet lose its polished, alabaster beauty ;

Thy cheek will blanch and wither beneath the breath of  
time ;

Thine eye, where sits the God-like Spirit of Language,

Will become dim as the years pass o'er thee in their  
swiftness ;

Those golden curls will whiten and lose their velvet  
softness ;

And thy dear form is doomed to moulder in the tomb.

Alas ! that beauty such as thine should come to this !

Alas ! that thy light-bounding heart, whence springs thy  
    merry laughter,  
Should wither in that gentle bosom and grow cold—  
Cold as the pale snows in the bleak church-yard,  
That cover the icy bosoms of the dead.

---

## THE YELLOW CURL.

“I send you one of little Libby’s curls.”—*Letter.*

To others, valueless,  
To me, a most inestimable prize,  
    That doth possess  
    True loveliness.  
It speaks of childish joy, and manhood’s sighs.  
At quiet evening, when my work is done,  
    I love to look upon  
        That Yellow Curl.

I look on it, and, lo !  
My better feelings quicken at the sight,  
    For well I know  
    How soft time’s stream doth flow  
Around thy path, dear, gentle child, and bright,  
Whose graces, though in absence, I review,  
    And that fair head, where grew  
        That Yellow Curl.

A rose-bud on a stream,  
A twittering swallow first upon the wing,  
A warm sunbeam :  
Such, sweet one ! dost thou seem,  
First floweret of the early budding spring,  
That, 'mongst the many joys it brings to man,  
Hath nothing fairer than  
That Yellow Curl.

A gift from Fairy land,  
A gem from Beauty's casket, dearly prized,  
A golden sand  
From distant Ophir's strand ;  
Lovelier than Earth's perfections harmonized :  
Ev'n so art thou, fair child, and such to me  
Shall ever, ever be  
That Yellow Curl.

A lily in the wild,  
A beauteous Thought amongst a Sea of Words,  
A zephyr mild :  
Such seem'st thou, gifted child ;  
A gentle lamb chosen from many herds ;  
A vast idea, concentrated to  
A point. Go ! let me view  
That Yellow Curl.

And I will hoard the gem,  
Will keep the golden treasure as secure  
As a rare diadem ;

Blossom from a graceful stem ;  
I look on it, and know that thou art pure.  
Thoughts crowd on thoughts, and fancies, strange  
and new,  
Love to do homage to  
That Yellow Curl.

I look on it, and all  
The evil in my nature seems to die ;  
One glance doth call  
Forth peace, and disenthral  
My pent-up fancies. Mount, my thoughts, yon sky,  
And there select some graceful cherub's face,  
And faultless head, to grace  
That Yellow Curl.

---

## LET THEM BOAST AS THEY WILL.

Let them boast as they will of the world's giddy  
pleasures,  
I've tried them, and found them both wanting and  
vain ;  
And so will each Truth-seeking mortal, who measures  
The good by the evil—the joy by the pain.  
Let him rove through the bowers where Love stands to  
lure him,  
Let him climb Pleasure's height till he vexes his brain,  
And every step that he takes will assure him  
That all gilded delights are both shallow and vain.

Let him sip from the cup where perdition is sowing  
Her tares, that will poison youth's promising grain,  
And while the red wine in the goblet is glowing,  
He'll find that earth's pleasures are shallow and vain.  
Let him mix in the waltz, where, with beauty to lure  
him,

He can revel in smiles till he gladdens his brain,  
But the morning will dawn, both to vex and assure him  
That all earthly pleasures are fleeting and vain.

Let him bow down to Fashion, an idol enslaving  
The minds of her votaries, who dare not complain;  
Insatiate—peevishly, sinfully craving  
For pleasures, the vainest of all that are vain.  
Let him feed upon dishes, whose savors allure him  
To grasp at a pleasure that addles his brain,  
Till nature, o'ertaxed, groans aloud, to assure him  
That the pleasure at best was both hurtful and vain.

But Pleasure is useful. It teacheth the wisest  
That, from joys which are sweetest 'tis well to abstain,  
While he who the lowliest lessons despisest,  
Will learn to his cost that earth's pleasures are vain.  
Thrice happy is he, who, when false pleasures allure him,  
Repels the proud tempter with christian disdain,  
And calls on calm Reason, to haste and assure him  
That Love, Truth, and Heaven, alone are not vain.

## LIMERICK CATHEDRAL BELLS.

A remarkable and touching story is connected with the "Limerick Cathedral Bells." They were originally brought from Italy, where they had been manufactured by a young Italian, who devoted a long period of his life to the accomplishment of his darling task. He afterwards lived for many years in the vicinity of the convent for which they were purchased. Civil war at length fell like a withering blight upon the land: the convent was razed to the ground, and the bells removed. The Italian, broken hearted, and no longer young, travelled over the greater part of Europe in search of them; until at length, having sailed for Ireland, and proceeded up the Shannon, the vessel anchored off Limerick; and as the small boat, in which he was, approached the shore, from St. Mary's steeple came the cheering music of his long-lost bells. The effect was too much for him: the first peal smote him to the heart, and when they landed, he was found not only dead, but cold as marble.

---

In fair and sunny Italy, beneath its heavenly sky,  
A young and stately Artisan on a mossy bank doth lie;  
A light spreads o'er his features, and his darkly flashing  
eye—

Is it because his lovely wife and children all are nigh?

No—no—but on his ear there falls, from a neighboring  
convent tower,

The pleasant chime of vesper bells, that proclaim the  
evening hour;

And every morn, and every eve, for years it was his  
pride

To listen to the blending of their tones at eventide.

For they were of his handicraft—his ears first heard the  
tone

That had become a part of him as those happy years had  
flown;

Each note had been a joy to him, to other hearts unknown,  
He would not exchange their music for the honors of a Throne.

But lo ! the brand of civil war is flaming o'er the land—  
He sees his treasures borne away by the marauder's hand ;  
And though old and silver-headed now, he leaves Italia's plain,  
And deigns to tread the wide world o'er to hear their sounds again.

---

Upon St. Mary's turret  
An old man keeps his eye,  
For there his long-lost idols,  
His earthly treasures lie ;  
The boat moves on serenely,  
The happy shore is nigh,  
Bathed in the softening radiance  
Of a summer evening sky.

The old man sits reflecting,  
Perchance on happier times,  
When from the Italian convent  
First pealed those silvery chimes  
That on his ear, incessantly,  
From youth to age did fall,  
Soothing his ravished senses  
With their heaven-ascending call,

For years he had not heard them,  
For years he had not known—  
Save in his secret memory—  
Their sweetly sounding tone ;  
For in a foreign country,  
While he had weary grown,  
Strange ears drank in the melody  
That once was all his own.

And now the aged wanderer  
Nears the desired shore,  
Fain would he clasp his treasures,  
Fain hear their peals once more,  
When, lo ! as if to welcome him,  
Each with the other vied ;  
He heard their silvery voices,  
He heard their tones—and died !

---

## LOVE'S GUIDING STAR.

In happier hours, Love's star was beaming  
About my path by day and night,  
Ev'n when my mind was wrapped in dreaming,  
I felt the fervor of its light.  
And when my soul was dark with sorrow,  
Its brightness quenched in mental pain,  
I looked with hope towards the morrow,  
For I knew that star would shine again.

But now, the hours are sad and dreary,  
Love from my heavenward path is flown,  
And Hope is crushed, and I am weary  
In living for myself alone :  
No guiding star to-cheer me onward,  
To wing my better thoughts to God,  
But dark Despair impels me downward.  
I see my grave beneath the sod !

Oh ! is it to be thus forever ?  
And must that guardian spirit's light  
Illume my darkened footsteps never,  
Or quicken this eternal night ?  
Fool that I was ! to madly sever  
That bright link in my being's chain—  
To quench that holy light for ever !—  
For I cannot hope 'twill shine again !

---

## THE ANGEL'S GIFT.

“Maiden of the sunny soul !  
Heaven build life's skies above thee,  
Pure and bright  
As her own light,  
Faithful as the hearts that love thee !  
As the stars do shine upon  
Earth's pure spirits while they're sleeping,  
Filled with love

From heaven above,  
Angels have thee in their keeping!"

Thus a Minstrel-Poet sung,  
O'er a maiden's peaceful slumbers,  
She slept on,  
As sleeps the dawn,  
Soothed by Morning's golden numbers.  
But through all his harp-strings swept  
Airs, that mortal fingers never  
Yet did fling  
From dulcet string!—  
Still the sounds came bounding ever.

Till a radiant Angel stood  
With a glowing harp before him,  
Hers the lyre  
Whose Orphean fire  
Trilled in burning numbers o'er him.  
"Have thy wish," the angel said,  
"Heaven approves thy pure emotion;  
In thy care  
I place the fair,  
Guard her with thy heart's devotion."

Smiling like the blue-eyed dawn,  
Waked the radiant-minded Maiden,  
Blissful gleams  
Had sunned her dreams,  
Her blue eyes were beauty-laden.

Leaped for joy her yearning heart,  
At the vision bending o'er her,  
Well she knew  
Her dreams were true,  
Her Love's brave Knight knelt before her.

---

## LOVE'S SIGNET RING.

I stood and watched the wild CHAUDIERE,\*  
Its waters to the cauldron leaping,  
When in my mind awoke the fair  
Whose spirit in my heart was sleeping.  
"Behold!" I said, "how swift and strong  
The current strikes the foaming basin!  
So in my heart, for thee, love's song  
Hymns its eternal diapason.

"And as yon clouds of vapor roll  
Above the seething foam to heaven,  
So floats love's incense up my soul,  
To God, for thee, at morn and even.  
The iris, blushing far below  
The bosom of the bounding river,  
Is Love's bright Signet Ring, a bow  
Of promise in life's sky forever!"

Sweet memories of that wild Chaudiere  
Within my mind are gaily leaping ;

\*The magnificent Falls of the Chaudiere, Bytown—now Ottawa.

And in my thrice-bless'd heart, that fair,  
Belovéd spirit, still is sleeping ;  
And when dark clouds their shadows fling  
Across life's swiftly bounding river,  
I look upon Love's Signet Ring—  
The Bow is there—I bless the Giver !

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## MARY'S TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

One of the Fourscore years, Mary,  
Has passed like a dream away,  
A dream of laughter and tears, Mary,  
Like a showery summer's day,  
With its rainbow bright,  
In the warm twilight,  
Fair pledge of a happier day, Mary,  
God's pledge of a happier day.

Swiftly the seasons roll, Mary,  
Like the waves o'er a mighty sea,  
Searching the depths of the soul, Mary,  
With their power and mystery.  
Every hour that flies,  
Tells in distant skies  
The words that it heard from thee, Mary,  
The deeds that are done by thee.

See that the tale be pure, Mary,  
That the Hours may have to tell ;

Goodness and Truth, we are sure, Mary,  
Heav'n loveth exceeding well ;  
And the-beauteous mind  
Where Truth is shrined,  
Glow's bright as a sunny dell, Mary,  
Glow's bright as a sunny dell.

More of the Fourscore years, Mary,  
Must pass like the first away,  
Each, as its turn appears, Mary,  
May not be a summer's day ;  
But Hope's rainbow bright,  
With its smile, will light  
The close of a happier day, Mary,  
The dawn of Eternal Day.

---

## LOVE'S MORNING LARK.

The Lark mounts up to greet the dawn,  
Midway between the earth and sky,  
The glad morn yearns and smiles upon  
The bright-winged spirit, whose song fills  
The pulsing air with music rills,  
Glad'ning the Angels that pass by.

For never morn comes down to earth,  
That is not borne on Angels' wings ;  
Music is of celestial birth,  
And like the Lark, with voice of love,

Pure as God's light, it soars above,  
 When Woman from her full heart sings.

So, Maiden, thou shalt be the Lark,  
 And I, the long-expectant Morn;  
 Bring back the lost Dove to its Ark,  
 And let my mateless heart be bless'd,  
 My being in thy soul find rest,  
 And my new life be Music-born.

---

SONG—THE BANNER OF OLD ENGLAND.

SONG FOR THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY—18 .

Raise high the broad Banner!  
 Old England's broad banner!  
 That waves its Red Cross over every sea;  
 With hearts firm and loyal,  
 Cheer loud for the Royal—  
 The famed Royal Standard; the Flag of the Free!  
 And where its loved folds are triumphantly seen,  
 Let the rallying cry be: "GOD SAVE ENGLAND'S  
 QUEEN!"

God prosper that Banner!  
 That red Saxon Banner!  
 'Tis England's—'tis ours; far away though we be  
 From that Isle of the Ocean,  
 Our heart's fond devotion  
 Is with her—with England—the Home of the Free!

That Flag makes the moments of Danger serene,  
For it floats o'er the Home of VICTORIA OUR QUEEN!

Long flourish that Banner!

That proud Saxon Banner!

When Nations and Kingdoms go down to decay;

May Peace aye surround it,

As Valor has crowned it,

When foemen unnumbered were smote with dismay.

Three cheers—three times three—for the time-honored  
sheen

Of that Banner, the Flag of VICTORIA OUR QUEEN!

Then up with the Banner!

Our broad Red Cross Banner!

The banner renowned by both Saxon and Gael;

Brave Celts fought victorious,

On fields hot and glorious,

Beneath that broad Banner, on mountain and vale.

Let ALL gather round its loved, conquering screen,

With a true British cry for "VICTORIA OUR QUEEN!"

## SONG—THE HEROES OF THE ALMA.

The Heroes of the Alma!

Right gallantly they fought!

No flinching knave,

Or craven slave,

For coward quarter sought!

But manfully, and zealously,  
Each hero struck, that day,  
As up the height  
The arm of might  
Impelled the strong array.

The heroes of the Alma !  
Intrepidly they stood,  
As stood of old  
Their Fathers bold,  
On Cressy's field of blood.  
Right manfully, and zealously,  
They pressed the swerving foe—  
Not all his might  
Could hold the height  
Against so firm a blow.

The heroes of the Alma !  
Exultingly they trode ;  
Though every breath  
Was fraught with death,  
Loud swelled the Battle-Ode.  
Right manfully, and thrillingly,  
Uprose the Victor-Psalm,  
As on the height,  
With arm of might,  
The Allies grasped the palm.

The Heroes of the Alma !  
Well may their pæans flow :

For never yet  
Was tyrant met  
With more decisive blow !  
Right manfully, intrepidly,  
Each Briton proved his might,  
And every Gaul  
Stood up a Saul,  
Upon that groaning height.  
Brave Heroes of the Alma !  
Each man a Victor-God !  
Your noble dead,  
Who fought and bled,  
Cry vengeance from the sod !  
Right manfully, and zealously,  
Uphold your high renown,  
And heav'n will aid  
Each righteous blade  
To strike the Tyrant down !

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## THE TWOFOLD VICTORY—AN ALMA LYRIC.

By the famous Alma River  
Knelt a Warrior, brave and young,  
Through his veins ran Death's cold shiver,  
On his lips his last breath hung ;  
Far above him rolled the battle,  
Downward rolled to Alma's wave,  
Downward, through the crash and rattle,  
Came the cheering of the brave.

“Comrades,” said he, rising slowly,  
Kneeling on one bended knee,  
“Comrades,” said he, feebly, lowly,  
“Is that cheer for Victory?”  
“Yes!—they fly!—the foe is flying!”  
“Comrades,” said he, ardently,  
“Cheer for me, for I am dying,  
Cheer them on to Victory!”

By that blood-encrimsoned River  
Cheered they with a martial pride,  
Death’s last shaft had left its quiver,  
And the Warrior, smiling, died.  
Faintly his last cheer was given,  
Feebly his last breath went free,  
And his spirit passed to Heaven  
On the wings of Victory!

---

## SONG OF THE BRITISH MARINER.

Launched once more on the ocean wave,  
Where my careless boyhood found me;  
Free to roam where the wild winds rave,  
And the billows roll, around me.  
Oh! there’s joy on my restless home,—  
Joy for the daring seamen!  
Though landsmen shrink  
When on danger’s brink,

Not the rocky shore,  
Nor the breakers' roar,  
Can daunt old Ocean's Freemen.

Hearts as free as the winds that sweep  
The breast of the trackless ocean,  
Have the sons of the mighty deep,  
When the gallant ship's in motion.  
Toss'd on waves that roll mountains high,  
What cares the dauntless seaman ?  
His heart beats warm,  
Both in calm and storm,  
For there's not a breeze  
That sweeps the seas,  
Can daunt old Ocean's Freemen !

Long as the Red-Cross Banner flies  
High over the heaving billow,  
Will the tar tempt the fiercest skies  
That frown on his restless pillow.  
Long as Old England's Ensign waves  
Over her dauntless seamen,  
Not the midnight breeze  
That sweeps the seas,  
Nor the hostile shore,  
Nor the battle's roar,  
Can daunt her Ocean Freemen !

## THE INDIAN SUMMER.

It is not like the Spring-time, bright  
    With budding leaves and opening flowers,  
But there's a glory in its light,  
Softer than that which falls by night  
    On lovers' bowers.  
There is a mellow tint on every tree,  
And nature's breath is sweet, and all is harmony.

It is not like the Summer time,  
    Enlivened by a brilliant sun,  
It savors of a purer clime  
Than Summer, in its earliest prime,  
    E'er smiled upon.  
There is a light serene on everything,  
Half veiled, and blushing, like a Bride in Spring.

Thou com'st in Autumn, when the trees  
    Have doff'd their florid livery,  
Ere Winter sweeps, with blighting breeze,  
And fetters strong, to bind the seas—  
    All hail to thee!  
To thee, whose subtle charms no pen can trace,  
To whom the artist's skill imparts no flattering grace.

## THE BETRAYAL.

Into the bower young Osmond came,  
    Into the bower where Annie was sleeping ;  
Softly he whispers the maiden's name,  
    She awakes—her eyes are moist with weeping.  
Wherefore doth Annie sigh ?  
    What cruel pangs doth move her ?  
Wherefore that tearful eye ?  
    Osmond—does he not love her ?  
    Annie is poor and fair,  
        No paltry gems array her,  
    But she deigns to love the princely heir,  
        Though he comes but to betray her.

There is a magic in woman's tears,  
    Each glittering drop a charm possesses,  
And Osmond trembles with guilty fears,  
    As the charming girl to his breast he presses.  
Wherefore doth Annie smile ?  
    What sudden change doth move her ?  
How woman's tears beguile !—  
    Young Osmond swears to love her !  
    Annie is young and fair,  
        Rich gems will soon array her,  
    She will shortly wed the princely heir,  
        Whose young heart would not betray her.

There is a Bridal at Osmond Hall,  
    And beautiful forms the revels are keeping,

But Annie has wandered apart from all,  
The Maid of the Bower again is weeping!  
Why weeps the fair-one now?  
What hasty pledge is broken?  
Does she repent the vow—  
The solemn vow—just spoken?  
No—'tis dear woman's plan,  
Let joy or grief waylay her,  
If she miss, or catch, some simple man,  
Her tears will at once betray her!

---

## THE IMPATIENT LOVER.

Haste hither, my love, the river  
Is tinged with the pale moonlight,  
The leaves of the dark trees quiver,  
And throb in the parting night.  
Why linger, my love, why linger?  
Swift fly the hours away,  
And soon will Aurora's finger  
Point to the dawning day.

The Spirit of Morn doth hover  
Above the horizon dark,  
'T is time that both Maid and Lover  
Were safe in their waiting bark;  
Then hasten to meet me, dearest,  
Why does my true-love stay?

Oh ! haste, and your loved-one nearest,  
We'll leave ere the dawn of day.

As the Spring-time awaits the Summer,  
With longing I wait for thee ;  
All graceful the gay new comer  
Trips smilingly o'er the lea ;  
As Summer the Spring embraces,  
So chide I thy long delay ;  
Now we'll leave ere Aurora chases  
The mists from the waking day.

---

## THE GRAPE.

The Grape ! the Grape ! the lovely Grape !  
'Tis the staff of the idiot brave ;  
It supports them where  
The grim fiend Despair  
Beckons on to an early grave.  
Then, a joy to the Grape !—the lovely Grape !  
The staff of the truly brave ;  
For its juice hath wrought  
What the brave have bought—  
A right to the Drunkard's Grave.

The Grape ! the Grape ! the luscious Grape !  
How it glows in the sparkling bowl !  
How the ruby wine  
From the tempting vine

Doth gladden the Drunkard's soul !  
But a curse on the Grape ! the luscious Grape,  
As it glows in the treacherous bowl ;  
For a scorpion lurks  
In its juice, and works  
The Doom of the Drunkard's Soul.

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## A THOUSAND FACES.

A thousand faces, and not one like hers.  
I looked upon them all. I looked, and felt  
That every feature had its worshippers.  
But there were none to whom my heart had knelt,  
To offer its devotion ; none were there  
That made me tremble, as the idol stirs  
The feelings of its devotee ; no eyes  
With their dark beauty, to inflame the soul,  
And make it risk its portion in the skies,  
One welcome look of their soft light to share.  
Oh ! if the ransomed spirits, from their goal  
In Paradise, did yearn to visit earth,  
Enslaved by loveliest maids of mortal birth ;  
If woman's eyes seduced them down from heaven,  
Surely weak, erring man, may sometimes dare  
To worship too, and hope to be forgiven !

## THE PAST.

Erase it from my memory ! for, lo !  
As I look backward on the devious track,  
Unhappy images are seen to pass,  
Like the wild shapes in a Magician's glass,  
Making the brain grow dizzy as they go  
And come again, as if employed to rack  
The human mind, and cause the tears to flow  
From Life's own fountain. Yes, erase the Past !—  
But, no !—not all—for some green spots are there ;  
Small, twinkling stars, out-peering through the gloom ;  
Warm gleams of sunlight, which do sometimes cast  
Their mellow tints within. These will entomb  
Each sullen shadow in its secret lair,  
And Hope may make the future prospect fair.

Yea ; let them rest ! I would not banish one  
Stern recollection from its chosen cell.  
Thick clouds may for a moment hide the sun,  
But lessen not his glory ; even so,  
We hold within us what of dark and bright  
By our own wills have been implanted there.  
And we can purge from the mind's crucible  
The scum of Error that excludes the light  
Of Truth. Experience teacheth us to know  
That light and darkness—moral day and night—  
Are incident to mortals here below.  
Yes ; let me rather muse on errors past,  
The silent monitors that bring us peace at last.

## IMAGINATION.

Off through the world with the lightning's velocity,  
Darting through space with electrical speed,  
Loosed are the reins of thy impetuosity,  
Roam where thou wilt, then, my beautiful steed.  
Fleeter art thou than the fairest of Araby's  
High-mettled, swift-footed steeds of the plain,  
Perfect as theirs is thy beautiful symmetry,  
Petulant, fanciful steed of my brain.  
Regions more wild than the sun ever shone upon,  
Cycles and worlds of unbounded delight,  
Andes of Thought, towering grandly-majestical,  
Reaching to heaven's indefinite height ;  
Swiftly ascending some Alpine acclivity,  
Plunging, unscathed, to the abyss below,  
Thence to the fields where the sword of the conqueror  
Reddens the soil with the blood of the foe ;  
Mounting again on the breath of the hurricane,  
Upward and onward, through tempest and storm ;  
Thus, wheresoever abideth sublimity,  
There shalt thou wander, thou beautiful form.

Maid of my soul ! though my thoughts were Ubiquitous,  
Ranging unshackled through earth, air and sea,  
Fancy were swayed in its wildest imaginings,  
Evermore, evermore turning to THEE.

Breasting the ocean, high-heaving, tempestuous,  
Down through its deepest and costliest cell,

Where the fair Nymphs in their crystalline palaces,  
Where the bright Naiads harmoniously dwell.  
Threading, unseen, its dark caves subterranean,  
Glowing with coral, and gleaming with gems,  
Forests of sea-weed, and groves, where the emerald  
Lieth half hidden beneath the green stems.  
Upward and off on some billowy mountain-top,  
Heavenward borne where the thunderstorm sings,  
Tracking the lightning, and finding its dwelling-place  
Cradled to sleep on the proud eagle's wings.  
Awed by the psalm of some deep-toned Niagara,  
Scorched by the flashes from Etna's red flame,  
Rising again in thy flight subitaneous,  
Shouting aloud an ecstatic acclaim :  
Thus my fond steed, with the lightning's velocity,  
Dart'st thou through space like the beam of a star,  
Loosed are the reins of thy impetuosity,  
Roam where thou wilt, with thy glittering car.

Maid of my soul ! though my thoughts were Ubiquitous,  
Ranging forever unshackled and free,  
Still would they turn in their highest imaginings,  
Hurrying evermore downward to THEE.

Circling the Night, when Darkness is hovering  
Over the world, like a spirit astray,  
Thy presence illumines each dark-seeming labyrinth,  
Shedding around it perpetual Day.  
Making one moment a glowing millennium,

Brimming with pleasures untasted and pure,  
Crowding millenniums into moments of ecstasy,  
Brief as the lightning's flash over the moor.  
Upwards, through worlds that no mortal e'er looked  
upon,  
Upwards, all gracefully, speedily on;  
Up through the stars with thy wondrous celerity,  
Travelling restlessly up to the sun.  
Sweeping across the deep void of the universe,  
The ether thy robe, and a star for thy bark,  
Backward to earth, to thy dwelling mysterious,  
Gently, but swift, like the dove to its ark.  
  
Maid of my soul! though my thoughts were Ubiquitous,  
Swift as the thunderbolt, deep as the sea,  
Fancy were reined in its boldest imaginings,  
Tremblingly, joyfully hast'ning to THEE.

---

## THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

Gently wanders he  
Where no human foot intrudes,  
Joyously,  
Fancy-free,  
The Spirit of the Woods.  
Singing through the trees,  
Playing with the breeze,  
Laughing at the seas  
As they roll,

With sullen roar,  
To the shore,  
Rushing evermore  
To their goal.

Softly wanders he  
Where no human foot intrudes,  
More fancy-free  
Than the sea,  
The Spirit of the Woods.  
Up and down the hill,  
By the leaping rill,  
On towards the mill  
In the vale ;  
Upwards through the sky,  
Where he seems to die,  
Breathing forth a sigh  
To the gale.

Quietly wanders he,  
Through the deep solitudes ;  
Who so free  
There, as he,  
The Spirit of the Woods ?  
By the silent bower,  
When the heavens lour,  
Nestling in the flower,  
Snug and warm ;  
Darting out again

O'er the grassy plain,  
With the merry rain  
Through the storm.

Daringly wanders he  
Where no human foot intrudes  
Recklessly,  
Laughingly,  
The Spirit of the Woods.  
Up the snowy steep,  
To the topmost heap,  
As the bleak winds sweep  
Down its sides ;  
From the rocky height,  
Through the stormy night,  
Laughing with delight,  
Back he glides.

Recklessly wanders he  
Where no human foot intrudes,  
Dauntlessly,  
Fancy-free,  
The Spirit of the Woods.  
In the zephyr mild,  
Watching o'er the child,  
Lost in the wild,  
Lest it fear ;  
In the lion's den,  
In the marsh with the wren,

Through the dismal fen  
With the deer.

Thus wanders he, eternally,  
Where no human foot intrudes,  
Playfully,  
Fancy-free,  
The Spirit of the Woods.  
Rambling everywhere,  
Through the woodland air,  
Distancing dull care,  
As he flies :  
Like him, eternally,  
Pure thoughts wander free,  
Over earth and sea,  
To the skies.

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## LOVE'S NEW ERA.

There's a wild joy within my heart,  
Hope's sunlight warms my brain,  
And my thirsty soul drinks Gladness in,  
As the earth drinks summer rain;  
Flushed Health is leaping through my veins,  
My blood is all aglow,  
Each pulse has a loud and a stately beat.  
And my thoughts are like the snow.  
For Woman's Voice of Love hath burst  
Like a meteor on my way,

And I live in smiles, like the Sun's bright Isles,  
That bask in Eternal Day.  
Life never came to me till now,  
But pass'd like a restless dream,  
Where Love for evermore wandered by,  
Like a rose upon a stream.

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## FAITH.

Faith is the Christian's Pisgah. Here he stands  
Enthroned above the world ; and with the eye  
Of full Belief looks through the smiling sky  
Into the Future, where the Sacred Lands  
Of Promise, though extending ev'n beyond  
His half-ubiquitous vision, are brought nigh,  
And he beholds their beauty. Faith is strong ;  
It is the giant arm that puts aside  
The mountain-tops of Error. 'Tis the bond  
Indissoluble, that unites man to  
His God ; the trusty, Omnipresent Guide  
That wings him with electric speed along  
The intervening space that screens the view  
Of that high heaven where the Sons of Faith abide.

## FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

Eleven. Welcome to the Sabbath bells!  
A blessing and a welcome! At this hour  
One prays for me at home, two hundred miles  
From where I lounge along the grassy knoll,  
Far up upon this classic hill. The air  
Hath a delicious feeling, as it breathes  
Its autumn breath upon me; air so calm,  
One cannot feel the beat of Nature's pulse.  
No, not a throb. The heav'nly influences,  
Hearing that maiden's prayer, lean down and move  
My being with their answerings of love.  
The myriad-tinted leaves have gravely paused  
To listen to the spherul whisperings—  
The unvoiced harmonies that few can hear  
Or feel, much less interpret faithfully;  
And the swift waters of the dizzy gorge,  
Stunned with their recent plunge against the crags  
That hide Niagara's iris-circled feet,  
And lashed to very madness as they wound  
Their circling way past rocks and fretted banks,  
Melt into calm in the blue lake beyond,  
As starlight melts into the distant sea.

Those ancient willows have a solemn droop;  
You scarce can see the dwelling they adorn:  
Behind them rest the grain-denuded fields.  
Here, to my left, an unpretending town;

There, to my right, another ; like two friends,  
Each thanking heaven for the Sabbath-pause,  
And the brief respite from man's curse of toil.  
The church bells pealing now and then a note,  
Swell the bless'd Pæan with their silver tongues.  
The very tombstones yonder, near the church,  
Look whiter for the eloquent Repose.

A few short paces through the cedar trees,  
Where the pert chipmunks chatter, and the birds  
Select and melodize their sweetest notes,  
And I have gained the level. Toward the lake,  
The cloudlike points of land are seen  
Blending with old Ontario, and the gorge  
Hurries its whirling current past the banks  
That glass their fair proportions in the stream.

Here is the Monument. Immortal Brock,  
Whose ashes lie beneath it, not more still  
Than is the plain to-day. What have we gained,  
But a mere breath of fame, for all the blood  
That flowed profusely on this stirring field ?  
'T is true, a Victory ; through which we still  
Fling forth the meteor banner to the breeze,  
And have a blood-sealed claim upon the soil.  
'Twere better than Defeat, a thousand times.  
And we have rightly learned to bless the name  
Of the Old Land, whose courage won the day—  
We, the descendants of her Victor-sires.  
But dearer than a hundred victories,

With their swift agony, the earnest Calm,  
That, like a Blessing from the lips of God,  
Rests on the classic plain, o'er which my feet  
Tread lightly, in remembrance of the dead—  
My Brothers all, Vanquished and Victors both.  
And yet my heart leaps up, poor human heart!  
As I lean proudly, with a human pride,  
Against this pillar to a great man's name.  
Yet I would rather earn that maiden's prayer,  
Than all the fame of the immortal dead.

There may be furrows still upon the field,  
Ploughed up with the wild hurricane of war  
On that eventful day. Here, certainly,  
An angry missile grooved this honored rock.  
Though nearly half a century has pass'd,  
The fissure still is here, and here the rust  
Left by the iron messenger of death,  
As it sped forward like an angry fate,  
Sending, perhaps, ten human souls to hell.

There, there was pain. Here, where the wondrous skill  
Of the mechanic, with this iron web  
Has spanned the chasm, the pulse beats hopefully,  
And thoughts of peace sit dove-like in the mind. x  
Heav'n bridge these people's hearts, and make them one!

## FANNY.

Silence knelt praying in the room,  
And timid forms on tiptoe walked,  
And timorous voices lowly talked,  
Like whisperings passing through the gloom,  
The world was lulled to sleep ;  
The stars looked down upon the deep,  
Gravely and chill ; and the flesh did creep ;  
The cold winds bleached the tint from off the rose.

Life's taper burned into the dust,  
Pale-flickering for a solemn while,  
Life's Angel, pausing with a smile,  
Re-lit it with Eternal Trust !  
Warm hearts were filled with pain ;  
Like flowers drenched by a wintry rain,  
Though they hear not the bleak winds complain,  
The wretched weight strikes deeper than the blast.

Grief robbed each feature of its glow,  
The weary watchers watched no more,  
For death stood sentinel at the door,  
And filled each entering heart with woe.  
The corse is white and cold,  
Like winter on the frozen wold ;  
The grievous gaze with a grief untold,  
But with a certain hope that ends in heaven.

The dismal coffin and the shroud !  
The mourners with their half-sealed lips !

A little while, and death's eclipse  
Will vanish from that silent crowd.  
Remembrance wakes and weeps  
In a few hearts ; life's action sweeps  
Over the many, whose unstirred deeps  
Harbor that human thing—Indifference.

Along the straight and dusty road,  
And through the shadowy grove of pines,  
The long procession moves and twines ;  
And down into her dim abode  
The Mother and the Wife  
Is lowered, gently as her life  
Was gentle, ever through the strife  
Of the harsh world, a patient-minded soul.

How like a curse it seems, to see  
The summer flowers bloom and die ;  
How like a tenfold curse, to sigh  
When death removes triumphantly  
A human form from earth !  
In kindness is the arm stretched forth,  
What seemeth Death is a Victor-Birth,  
The unsealing of God's hidden mysteries.

## LAMENT OF SHINGWAKONCE.

In the year 1849 some difficulty occurred between the Provincial Government, and the Indians on Lake Superior, in consequence of the sale of the lands in that region, to a certain Mining Company, by which the Indians were most unfairly dealt with, and almost driven from the occupation of lands to which they had the strongest possible claim. The chiefs of the Chipewas, headed by Shingwakonce, despatched a very strong remonstrance to the Government, in view of which these lines were written. They do not, however, contain a particle of the address, but grew out of the occasion, as it were.

## I.

Where are the Hunting Grounds,  
O'er which we chased  
The wild deer and buffalo ?  
All laid waste !  
By the White Man made desolate,  
Where shall we go  
To hunt down the bison,  
Or the wild roe ?  
Away from the sacred mounds,  
To the far west,  
From the graves of our fathers,  
We travel, oppress'd.  
Back, back to the desert,  
Where the Pale Face has never  
Set the print of his footsteps :  
Thus shall it be ever !

## II.

Far from the tangled brakes,  
Far from the sunny lakes,

Where the Red Man's rifle wakes  
The wild bird at morn ;  
Far from our chosen home,  
Friendless, unfed, we roam,  
Hungered—forlorn !  
Far from the lands  
Which the Great Spirit gave us,  
Driven by hands  
That should stretch out to save us ;  
Far from our Wigwams rude,  
To the deep solitude  
Of the untrodden wood,  
Evermore driven !  
Hear it Oh ! Heaven !  
Witness, ye Sun,  
That lights us at noon,  
And thou, restless Moon ;  
Ye witnesses all  
Of the Great Unseen Spirit,  
When shall the Red Man  
His lost rights inherit ?  
Shall he be driven thus,  
Backward, forever ?  
Never—Oh ! never !

## III.

Why, then, do we suffer  
The wrongs that surround us ?  
Why this barefaced injustice

Submit to for aye?  
Why? Because we believed them,  
When they promised to own us  
For Friends and for Brothers—  
For such they have found us  
In battle and fray.  
But, alas! for the day  
When we kindly received them!  
Alas! for the day  
When our weapons retrieved them  
From destruction and danger;  
From threatening foes,  
Who harassed their ranks,  
Till the Red Man arose!  
A curse on the day!  
If this be their boasted  
Support and protection:  
To suffer marauding bands  
To hold in subjection  
Our hard-fought-for lands—  
Bands of Long Knives, who never  
Befriended, or served us,  
But who would have scattered,  
Destroyed us—unnerved us,  
At once and forever!

## IV.

Oh! for the time, when we  
Could dot the stormy sea

With our birchen fleet !  
Then we were strong and proud,  
With a nation's strength endowed ;  
Then we roved the prairie vast,  
Thinking it would ever last ;  
Then we were united all,  
Mustering at the Great Chief's call ;

Then we had the feet  
Of the bounding antelope,  
Full of buoyant life and hope ;  
Then we were determined,  
As brave men should be ;  
As the oaks we stood firmly,  
As the winds we were free ;  
We had food in abundance,  
And fish from the sea ;  
We warred not for others,  
Of woes, we had none,  
And we rested securely  
When our hunting was done.

## V.

But the Pale Faces saw us,  
They envied the lot  
Of the Sons of the Forest,  
Who doubted them not ;  
They came with professions  
Of kindness and love,  
And the Red Men believed

They were sent from above ;  
They came to despoil us  
Of every right  
Which we long had enjoyed,  
Came, disputing our might ;  
They came to divide us,  
They sought to enslave  
A race, that, when injured,  
Could learn to be brave !  
We fought—we were victors,  
But more Pale Faces came,  
And murdered our Nations  
With thunder and flame ;  
We fought—we were scattered  
Abroad through the land,  
To seek a new shelter  
On some distant strand.

## VI.

More Pale Faces came,  
From a far-foreign isle,  
They came not to waste us,  
Came not to revile ;  
But by their broad banner,  
The Red Cross they bore,  
They vowed to protect us—  
What could they do more ?  
Their battles we fought,  
When the Long Knives oppress'd them,

Their battles we won,  
When the Great Spirit bless'd them ;  
Our rights they respected,  
As brothers we shared  
The bountiful country,  
With faith unimpaired.  
For this we have loved them,  
For this we have stood  
Battling danger and death,  
Both by land and by flood ;  
For this, when the terrible  
War-cry uprose,  
Did we bare our breasts  
To the stroke of their foes !

## VII.

And shall they who have owned us  
For brothers so long—  
Shall they break their promise ?  
Shall they do us wrong ?  
No ! by that sacred Banner  
We looked on of yore,  
When our friendly White Brothers  
First stood on our shore ;  
By the faith we then pledged,  
By their prowess and might !  
We know they are willing  
To serve us aright.  
Why, then, do they barter

Our rich lands away  
To the Long Knives, who hate us,  
As thieves hate the day ?  
Why suffer us backward  
By our foes to be driven ?  
The wrong calls for mercy,  
For justice from heaven !

## VIII.

Rise, then, my Red Brothers !  
Speak aloud for your own,  
For the Right has a voice,  
Like the thunder's loud tone ;  
Rise, not in deep anger,  
But firmly demand  
That your White Brothers purchase  
Their right to our land :  
Then, though we must wander  
Through forests unknown,  
'T were better than famish  
On lands not our own.  
Rise ! Sons of Tecumseh !  
Ojibwas, arise !  
Let the voice of the Mohawks  
Ascend to the skies !  
Rise ! tell our Great Father  
The wrongs we sustain,  
And He, who loves Justice,  
Will heal them again.

## IX.

Where are our mighty Chiefs,  
Whose deeds of war  
Spread from this fertile land  
To climes afar ?  
Where are our stalwart sons,  
Our nations strong,  
Who in our memories live,  
And in the White Man's song ?  
Spread like the autumn leaves  
Before the blast  
Of the cold winds of winter—  
Their day has pass'd !  
Behold ! how few survive  
Of that countless host  
Of brave and stern-faced warriors  
We once could boast !  
Some perished by the White Man's hand,  
In mortal strife,  
When the war whoop rose and fell  
With each chieftain's life !  
Others, in peace were borne  
To the blest Hunting Grounds,  
Whese the Red Men's spirits live,  
Where the war-cry never sounds.

## X.

Come, then, my brothers few,  
Let us depart,

Though we leave the wilds we love,  
    With a heavy heart.  
There are lands where the White Man's feet  
    May never press,  
Where the wild fowl still abound—  
    In the deep wilderness ;  
There are rivers wide,  
    Where the birch canoe,  
As of old, can glide  
    O'er the waters blue ;  
There are forests deep,  
    Where the deer are found,  
There are lands untrod—  
    These are Freedom's ground,  
Where we can live, till the Great Spirit calls  
    The last of our tribes away,  
    To hunt from day to day,  
    From year to happier year,  
In the blest Hunting Grounds  
    Which the Red Men revere ;  
There to live evermore,  
    Where death shall not sever  
The loved from the loving,  
    Through ages, whose vistas  
    Stretch onward forever,  
Where the White Man's unholy oppression shall cease,  
And strife be unknown in those regions of Peace.

## ABSENCE.

Oh ! this continued absence from thy side !—  
When will it cease ? When will this lonely heart  
Know thy companionship ? When will thy breast  
Pillow this aching head, and set at rest  
The crowds of tantalizing fantasies  
That throng my brain ? Stern edict ! to divide  
The worshipper from his idol, or to part  
The olive and the vine in their embrace !  
Ev'n as the heavens are mirrored in the seas,  
So in my mind reflected is thy face :  
I look into its depths, and there I trace  
Thy image unmistakably impressed—  
Love's true daguerreotype. But even there  
Thou art not—yet thou art—I joy, and I despair.

---

## FESTUS.

Not strictly orthodox ; but brimming full  
Of the divinest meanings—good intents.  
Thoughts flash like starbeams through it, which if sown  
In man's central heart, will overrule  
The earthliness of his nature ; make him one  
With God and Heaven ; and the elements  
Of his degenerate manhood purify ;  
As gold by fire, or sin by God's free-will.  
Read, mark and learn. Extract herefrom the pearls,

And leave the dross untouched. Up through Infinity,  
And down through Hell, alike, behold the skill  
Of the bright mind that planned the genial tale.  
With him visit the infinitude of worlds,  
Like him, in all thy acts let Love and Truth prevail.

---

## SONNET.

Dark-eyed one ! when I first beheld thy face,  
My soul was gladdened. Many years I'd sought  
A living semblance to the bright Ideal  
Imagination drew. It was not all unreal,  
That pleasing dream, nor was it all a vision ;  
For looking on thee now, my mind can trace  
A faultless likeness 'tween that form and thee.  
In my prophetic dreamings I had caught  
The true impression. Angelo or Titian  
Could not have wrought a happier imagery ;  
And less enduring—Theirs will end with Time ;  
But mine—what human skill ! what art sublime !  
Will live forever ! theirs will cease to be,  
While mine, in thee, will live to all eternity.

## HOPE.

A gentle messenger is Hope ; a trusty friend,  
That finds in every breast a welcome home.  
Room for the Angel ! let her radiant wings  
Surround me evermore. The syren flings  
Her magic mantle o'er me, and I roam  
Through sunny realms that seemeth without end.  
Onward and upward on Hope's rosy pinions  
My thoughts are borne. What visions can transcend  
The wondrous view of these her fair dominions,  
Extending everywhere ! Above—below,  
Where'er she smiles, the landscape wears a glow  
Of calm serenity. Her skill doth blend  
Heaven's hues with those of earth. Weak and undone  
Were man, without this gift of the Eternal One.

---

## THE TRIO.

It was a summer's eve, on which I first  
Beheld thee. As I looked into thine eyes,  
And saw them flashing with the consciousness  
Of their attractive power, the Love God  
Spread his wings o'er me. From that hour I nursed  
A pleasing form that to my bosom flew,  
Seeking admittance. Not till then I knew  
That Love and Hope were friends. Could I despise  
The teachings of the rosy twain ? Not less  
Welcome was Love's companion than himself.

How kind was Hope ! But Love—deceitful elf!  
Called Sorrow in, who with his heavy rod  
Chastised me. There the three remain :  
Hope soothes when Love or Sorrow brings me pain.

---

## THE ONE IDEA.

Oh ! how it burns the brain, and tramples down  
All other thoughts that struggle to be freed  
From their imprisonment, driving them back  
With its stern mandate, or its sterner frown ;  
And ruling from its heaven-exalted throne  
The meaner serfs that form the motley herd !  
In vain do they attempt to intercede—  
Presuming slaves, that cross their monarch's track—  
Death to them all ! The menial tribes have stirred  
The anger of their king. Degenerate pack !  
Cringe—kneel—before this giant of the mind,  
This reigning thought, which liveth there enshrined !  
Thoughts that did once at my mere bidding move,  
Are now the vassals of the tyrant—LOVE !

## UNCURBED PASSION.

A human Niagara, plunging from the height  
 Of vain presumption to the sea of wrath  
 Below. An Alpine avalanche, in its might,  
 Strewing the giddy traveller's upward path  
 With devastation; whirling him adown  
 Into the steep abyss. The unchained bolt  
 Of sin's dread electricity. The revolt  
 Of judgment. Agent of the arch-traitor's frown.  
 The midnight tempest on a stormy sea.  
 Reason's eclipse. The Mephistophiles  
 That points the murderer's weapon: Like to these,  
 And in its headlong fury ever thus,  
 Is Passion unrestrained: The simoom's breath—  
 The entrance to the whirlpool, and to death.

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## PEACE.

The Plague of War is stayed.  
 God's brightest Angel has stretched forth his hand,  
 And like a blessed light, from land to land  
 Glides Peace, the mild-eyed maid.

From th' sunny realm of France,  
 To England, chosen Mistress of the Sea,  
 O'er Russia's Northern Steppes, she moves, to free  
 War's satyrs from their dance.

With voices jubilant,  
And trembling lips, that burn with earnest prayer,  
A million whispers, rising through the air,  
Storm heaven with a chant

Of joy and thankfulness.  
And human life is sacred, now, once more :  
The fame of Inkerman, of Alma's shore,  
Of Balaklava's wild excess,

Sufficeth us at last.  
War with its brazen tongue ! Peace with its smile !  
Peace shedding halos over Briton's isle,  
War slumbering with the past.

How long ?—a single breath  
May rouse the monster from his lair to-morrow,  
And he allied with us in joy and sorrow,  
Strew England's shores with death.

“In peace prepare for war.”—  
Time-honored maxim of an honored chief;  
The gallic eagle's slumbers may be brief;  
Let England's hearths beware.

23

BERTRAM AND LORENZO.

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A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.



## BERTRAM AND LORENZO.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

### SCENE I.

*A picturesque Valley. A range of Mountains in the back-ground. Cascade, falling into a waveless Lake at the base of the Cliff. Time, Evening.*

BERTRAM.

This is a lonely place.

LORENZO.

Call it not lonely;  
Say, rather, that the God of Nature hath  
Peopled these wilds with spiritual forms,  
With which the man of an exalted mind  
Can hold sweet converse in his studious hours.  
Survey these hills! mark the immensity,  
The wild sublimity, of those high mountains,  
That with their purple summits pierce the skies,  
Ev'n to the heavens above them, till they seem  
Divested of their earthly coloring,  
And clothed with an ethereal loveliness,  
Soft as the drapery of the twilight robe  
Thrown o'er the shoulders of voluptuous eve.  
Behold the cataract, panting with alarm,  
Leaping with frantic bound from rock to rock,  
As leaps the lama o'er Peruvian hills,

When at its heels the mountain-hunter comes,  
His quiver filled with death. Struggling with fate,  
The tortured waters pause upon the verge  
Of yonder rock, then spring into the gulf,  
Rejoicing at the bound, as, all adorned  
With gold-bedrizzled locks, the stricken flood  
Shakes its white mane, and speeds adown the stream,  
Like to an expert swimmer, hale and young,  
Stunning the billows with his manly limbs.  
See how the Iris blushes at its feet,  
Enveloped in the white arms of the spray,  
Through which, ghost-like, its delicate pulse is seen  
To throb responsive to the heaving breast  
Of the pale vapour spirit, in whose arms  
It lies, all blushes, like a timid maid  
Enfolded in her lover's chaste embrace.  
The trees that nod upon the piney height ;  
The humble shrubbery that men pass by  
Unnoticed ; the soft moss that grows upon  
The flinty granite ; the pale, meek-eyed flower,  
Half hidden by the rank, luxuriant weeds,  
Like full-blown Innocence in a world of Sin ;  
The unformed buds ; the golden-veined leaves  
That strew the brown soil of the autumn woods ;  
The birds that nestle closely in the grass,  
Or chirrup forth a note for every beat  
Of their impulsive, overflowing hearts ;  
Do each and all possess a powerful claim  
Upon the sober mind.

BERTRAM.

Give me the town,  
Old man ; its gay delights are more to me  
Than all the paltry beauties of this place,  
Which thou so much admirest. I would die  
If I were banished to a place like this,  
So lonely that my very nature shrinks  
Within me at the thought of being here.  
For thee, it may have charms enough to please  
A spirit like to thine, bowed down with age ;  
To me, the prospect is most terrible ;  
'Tis lonely as a world without one's fellows  
Can be.

LORENZO.

Young man, thou dost not know the peace  
That falls upon the spirit in these wilds,  
Like gentle dew upon the parchéd leaf.  
Learn to aspire to God ; clutch at the stars ;  
Give thy ambition wings ; from world to world  
Mount bravely upwards, until, like the lark,  
Thou disappearest in the infinity  
That ends in heaven. Make the stars thy friends  
Soar to their brilliant homes on wings of thought.  
Or mould them to thy will upon the earth,  
By careful study ; like the falcon, mount,  
And strike the quarry in the circling air,  
Though it quadruple thee in magnitude.  
Then wilt thou feel the noble aspirations  
Which I am yearning for ; then wilt thou pause,

Ere thy sense give permission to thy tongue  
To say—this place is lonely. None dread more  
Than I the thought of utter loneliness;  
It is a treacherous cankerworm that feeds  
Upon the flowery garden of the mind,  
And leaves it seared and blighted; has its home  
In the dark cell of the lean anchorite,  
Who for some crime would torture his poor body  
To purge his soul. But to be lonely here,  
Where every breeze that passeth by interprets  
God's everlasting, all-pervading truths  
Unto our inmost souls; where we can feast  
Our hungry mind's eye on the rich repast  
Which the wild wilderness contains; is to  
Be blind—insensible—to all the beauty  
Which nature hath in vast profusion strewn,  
With an unsparing hand, about our path.  
Give me the place where I can hold communion  
With Nature and with Nature's God; where I  
Can analyze the secrets of my mind,  
And pluck therefrom the rank, luxuriant weeds,  
Which from my birth have been implanted there,  
And sow some healthy seedlings in their stead,  
From which will spring a ripe ambrosial fruit  
That angels might partake of.

BERTRAM.

Singular mortal!

Why! I would rather tread the pleasing halls  
Where such light-hearted fellows as myself

Had learned to kill the pleasure-wingéd hours  
With dance and song, than listen to the ravings  
Of an enthusiast. I'd rather be  
A playful kid—a kitten—a young widow,  
Be anything that trips it joyously  
Over the many ups and downs of life,  
Than an ascetic mortal like to thee.

## LORENZO.

Yet all of these which thou hast named, are prone  
To aspire to certain ends: The kid will climb  
The steepest rocks, and 'mid the grandest scenes  
Of nature live, forgetful of its fellows;  
The kitten, sporting by its mother's side,  
Will leave her to ascend the tottering pole,  
While tabby purs below, and gravely scans  
Th' ambitious feats of her young progeny;  
The gay young widow wears a pleasing face,  
And aims at winning a becoming mate,  
To ease her poignant sorrow. But for thee,  
Thou dost aspire to nothing! hast no aim,  
But that of being pleased with endless dances—  
The ball room is the goal of thy ambition!  
This is trifling too much with thy existence.  
In early youth I shared in all the joys  
Which thou hast named, but took no real pleasure  
In them. Ever before my eyes there stood  
The ladder of my thoughts, where angels came  
And went, like the Aurora in the North,  
And by whose aid I had resolved to climb

To something greater than I yet had been,  
And step by step to struggle to the top,  
Or tumble headlong from the wild ascent.  
I'd many lofty thoughts, but one there was,  
Like snow-crowned Jura 'mongst his subject Alps,  
Catching the sun's first rays; the moon and stars  
Sent down their silver-pluméd messengers,  
Whose smiles did keep it in perpetual light,  
While all else lay in twilight: one great thought,  
A kingly oak within a field of shrubs.  
If thou wouldst be a Teacher, school thyself;  
The Mind of Man is as a crucible  
Which the Great Giver fills with golden Thought,  
Tis Human Nature which supplies the dross;  
But the same nature with that aid divine  
Which all must seek who would live nigh to God,  
Is a most subtle Alchymist, whose skill  
Turns Error's dross to Truth's refinéd gold.  
Seek Truth in time. The well is deep, my friend.  
See that she pass thee not upon the way.  
Man never sought for Truth and found her not.  
The diver may not seize the largest pearl  
At the first dip, nor yet in many years,  
But every hair of his devoted head  
Flings back a pearl into the deep again,  
As full of beauty as the one he sought,  
While he, all resolute, re-seeks the gem.  
In searching for the one great Truth, beware  
Lest thou reject the lesser truths which heaven

Profusely scatters in thy daily path.  
I'd rather mould one burning Star of Thought,  
Whose light would centre in some darkened mind,  
Make some lone heart a peopled universe,  
Lit by the smile of God's immeasured love,  
Than sway the sceptres of an hundred thrones,  
Or boast the wealth of Cræsus ten times told.

BERTRAM.

Old man ! Your words, like sparks from stubborn flint,  
Descend in brilliant showers on my brain,  
Which like the earnest tinder cannot fail  
To catch therefrom some gleams of inspiration,  
Almost unwillingly. Already do  
I wander in my purpose, to begone  
To the ephemeral sports that make my life  
One round of giddy pleasure. Did I stay,  
I might forget the utter loneliness  
Of the place, while confounded by thy speech ;  
I must away at once.

LORENZO.

Not yet awhile.

I've a surprise in store for thee, if thou  
Canst bear it. I would fain convince thee, friend,  
That God sits throned upon these lofty wilds,  
And prove to thy half-unbelieving mind  
That the still voice of august nature speaks  
Audibly and incessantly to man.  
Let's to the mountains.

BERTRAM.

Well ; to please thee, yes.  
Age has its whims, which youth must knuckle to,  
Or bide by the displeasure of its seniors.

## SCENE II.

*Midway up a rugged Mountain. Pathway rough and  
wearisome.*

BERTRAM.

Old man, I'm tired ! How can you foot it so  
Over these rough and dangerous crags ? my life  
Upon it, I'll not be so easily caught  
Another time.

LORENZO.

Rebellious boy ! dost think  
The things that are worth seeking for  
Can be procured without a little trouble ?—  
An extra thought, perchance—a step or two.  
And yet, the worldly man, in peevish plight,  
Frets, if the attainment of most perfect bliss  
Would lead him off the paltry jig-jog path  
Of every-day life. Dost thou hope for heaven ?

BERTRAM.

Yes. But why ask a question of such import ?  
We all do hope to reach that bourne at last.

LORENZO.

Prepare then to encounter many obstacles  
During thy journey thither. There's a vale  
Darker than death, through which we needs must pass,  
Where spirits from the abodes of wretchedness  
Contest the passage with each weary pilgrim  
Who enters it. Scorn not to learn from this,  
That, to ensure our happiness, we must  
Submit to all the sad perplexities  
That lay before us. We must learn to conquer  
Each evil thought and passion that waylay us,  
'T will make the bliss laid up in store for us  
The richer gain when earned by our good deeds.

*Enter several Peasants on their way up the Mountain.*

FIRST PEASANT.

Ha! our old friend! whither away so late?  
Dost come to spend the night with us?

LORENZO.

Many thanks.

This youth and I return again, so soon  
As we have learned our lesson. Good even, friends!

*[Salutes the other Peasants, who return it warmly.]*

FIRST PEASANT.

See, brothers, how the red-hot sun goes down,  
Burning a steep path through the hissing wave,  
That flames around him with a torrid heat,

Like a huge cauldron boiling o'er with gold  
And purple foam. I remember, when a boy,  
Climbing with desperate effort to the top  
Of the mountain, to watch him rise and set.

SECOND PEASANT.

It is a blessed sight.

THIRD PEASANT.

But, brothers, see  
How yon small cloud is spreading o'er the sky!  
And, hark! the distant thunder warns us home.

FOURTH PEASANT.

To our homes, then; our homes and happy hearths.

ALL THE PEASANTS.

Yes, to our homes; our homes and happy wives.  
Farewell kind friends.

[*To BERTRAM and LORENZO.*

Beware the coming storm.

[*Exeunt Peasants.*

BERTRAM.

Who are these men?

LORENZO.

The dwellers in the mountains,  
As happy fellows as the sun e'er shone on.  
But haste; the gath'ring storm may overtake us,  
Ere we can reach the place I had intended  
To lead thee to.

BERTRAM.

Where wouldst thou lead me, friend?

LORENZO.

To happiness.

BERTRAM.

The distance is too great.  
I rather would return.

LORENZO.

There's but one road  
To happiness—the upward path, by which  
We must ascend the often dreamed-of height,  
And gaze exultingly on all below.

BERTRAM.

The moth, by struggling upward to the taper,  
Scorches its wings, and often perisheth  
While searching for the light.

LORENZO.

And so wouldst thou  
Risk life and limb, if thou shouldst venture downwards.  
As for thine image of the moth, 'tis like  
As if a man, who, standing on the brink  
Of a steep precipice, should sway his arms,  
And springing upwards try to clutch the sun;  
Or one, who, leaning o'er Vesuvius' edge,  
Should seek to leap across its gaping mouth  
By one bold spring, and perish like a fool.  
A little further up, and we are safe.  
The storm will surely come. These shepherds are  
Unfailing oracles.

BERTRAM.

If we must go,  
Lead on, old man. How all my witty friends  
Would hurl their puns and pointed epigrams  
At me, if they but knew the foolish journey  
I am performing, half against my will;  
For there's a something in this old man's manner  
That make me think both well and ill of him;  
I'll either hate or love him by and by. (Aside.)

SCENE III.

*The summit of a high mountain, looking Westward.—  
Time, Sunset.*

LORENZO.

Come, let us rest awhile, since we have gained  
The summit of the mountain. See, the sun  
Is disappearing through the western wave,  
Like a strong diver going down for pearls,  
Or a young bridegroom eloquent with joy,  
Seeking the chamber where his soul's beloved  
Sits in her bridal robes. A moment more  
He will have canopied some other clime  
With his rich tent of gold, and drawn aside  
The sable curtains of polluted Night  
From some fair country that we wot not of.

BERTRAM.

But what has this to do with our journey  
Hither? And where is the surprise you had

In store for me ? I will be getting lonely,  
And insist on returning ere the night  
Sets in.

LORENZO.

Impossible ! You cannot find  
Your way. The path is rough and intricate  
By which we came ; and to return by that,  
You would require a guide, to whom these wilds  
Had grown familiar, to conduct you safely  
To the plain. Stay for a little moment here.  
We will return together. Hark ! the thunder.

BERTRAM.

There are no clouds above us, yet I hear  
The thunder rolling in tremendous volleys,  
But muffled, as if passing through the hills.

LORENZO.

Let us approach the mountain's edge, and look  
Upon the storm.

*[They approach the verge of the  
mountain, and look down.]*

Observe the passionate clouds,  
Struggling like giant wrestling-groups in all  
The grandeur of an elemental strife !  
See how yon mass of fiery vapour writhes  
In agony, like a flame-enveloped fiend,  
And bursts asunder with a fearful crash,  
That fills the pitying heavens with alarm,  
And shakes the massive crag on which we stand.

Mark well the conflict—nay, you need not shrink,  
Methought I saw you tremble as you gazed ;  
There is no danger here. The eagle builds  
Its solid eyrie far above the storm,  
And round about us sits the Roman bird,  
Watching the air-drawn battle, as when perched  
Upon the flaunting standards once upraised  
On Carthaginian fields. The storm is far  
Beneath us. I can call to mind the time—  
The very day—the heaven-pilfered hour,  
When my young soul first left its body-load,  
And made it wings and mingled with the storm,  
Ev'n as the headlong warrior leaps in  
Where dangers threaten, thick as summer rain,  
Each charged with death. A sublime awe swept o'er me ;  
I trembled with delight ; shouted for joy ;  
The lightning's kiss was hot upon my cheek ;  
The thunder pealed its anthems in my ears,—  
Deep, sublime melodies ! and my spirit felt  
Ethereal, as if a veil of light,  
By angels borne from God's remotest home,  
Had clothed it ready for a joy eterne.  
Awed by the fervency of my wild thoughts,  
I knelt, and with uplifted hands poured out  
My unspoken prayers to God. My thankful soul  
Was filled with an unstudied eloquence,  
Which my lips dared not utter. The profound  
And many-voicéd thunder ; the red waves,  
That spewed forth lightning, as a furnace fire ;

The charging squadrons of impatient clouds,  
Those burning steeds and riders of the storm,  
That neighed in thunder and breathed breaths of flame,  
Conspired to fill me with intense delight,  
As boundless as the rapture of the winds,  
Seated at midnight on the tempest car,  
When heaven lifts her white hands to her face  
To hide her eyes. Upon this very spot  
I stood with vacant, greedy looks, and watched  
The mighty conflict going on below :  
And yet, thou'dst rather dance a tiresome measure  
To a crack'd violin, than read the precious truths  
Of these romantic wilds. Are they not lonely ?  
These mountain summits and deep forests, where  
You seem to catch the echoings of strains  
That were rehearsed in heaven at the birth  
Of the old world, of which this earth, mayhap,  
Is but a fragment. Oh ! those glorious songs !  
Their echoes cannot die, but seem to float,  
Like vapours, through the air for evermore.  
The poet seizes oft their wondrous plaint,  
And ever after earth has one voice more  
To magnify the Author of all Good.

BERTRAM.

Old man, you mock me. I can now discern  
How such a soul as thine is elevated  
Above the world and its ephemeral pleasures.  
Henceforward I'll participate with thee

In these ethereal blessings. I'll be all  
That thou couldst wish for in an amateur ;  
And you will find me a devoted pupil,  
If you will lead me in the way to wisdom.  
Oft have I heard of a discreet old man,  
With whom the peasants had conversed, who lived,  
Or rather had been seen, upon the mountain.  
I wondered how their kindly hearts did warm,  
And they grew eloquent, in praise of thee ;  
But now my doubts are gone, and I can well  
Appreciate the generosity—  
For such I deemed it—of these simple rustics.  
If I become a ready listener  
To the immortal truths that thou canst teach me,  
Must I relinquish all the harmless pleasures  
That I had previously indulged in ?

LORENZO.

No,  
Not one of them. Use them in moderation.  
Devote some moments of thy little life  
To learning what may be of benefit  
To thee hereafter. But I would not ask  
That thou shouldst ape the moody devotee,  
And live apart from all thy fellow men.  
Far rather would I have thee still remain  
A trifling mortal, pleased with empty show,  
And gilded vanity, than encourage thee  
To be a soulless hermit. There are times

When gaiety is useful to the wisest ;  
And cheerfulness is fraught with many blessings,  
If we survey it rightly. See ! the storm  
Is over, and the heavens are bent down  
Beneath the weight of their bejewelled robes.  
The moon, like to a royal traveller,  
Her silver chariot axle-deep in stars,  
Rides the burning labyrinth of worlds,  
A queen amongst her subjects ; while the sea  
Beyond us is irradiated with  
The silver sparkles from her eloquent eyes,  
That make a path of light from heaven to earth.  
The solemn glories of the sun and moon,  
The silver-dappled heavens, the huge sea—  
These thou must learn to study, for their wealth  
Of earnest truth, sublimity and love,  
When I initiate thee into all  
My plans of happiness. Now for the surprise.  
Look at the Old Man now.

*[Removes a disguise.]*

BERTRAM.

My friend Lorenzo !

LORENZO.

Thy youthful friend, whom thou didst call a bookworm,  
Because he would not always be a trifler,  
And loved to ponder on the intrinsic lore  
Of poets and philosophers. I am  
The solitary Hermit of the Hills,

As these warm-hearted peasants choose to call me ;  
And I would have thee be a hermit, too,  
Occasionally. Thou shalt come with me,  
And see the free-born mountaineers at eve,  
Offering up their earnest, heart-felt thanks,  
To the Supreme Intelligence of Heaven ;  
Shalt hear their old men read the sacred Word ;  
Their manly youths, and rosy-featured maidens,  
Blending their voices in an evening hymn ;  
Shall see the happiest mortals upon earth,  
And learn to imitate them—if thou wilt.

See yonder cottage in the dreamy vale,  
On which the moonlight, like the smile of God,  
So sweetly rests. There dwells a Poet-soul ;  
One who has pass'd through stern Affliction's blaze,  
And had his great heart purified by pain.  
He was a Monarch in the Halls of Love.  
Love crowned him as a nation crowns a King.  
His queen, a rural beauty, by his side,  
What wonder if he looked from his high throne  
Upon the world, and claimed it as his own ?  
She loved him for his uncoined wealth of words,  
That lay in the rich mine of his brain, like pearls  
That hoard their lustre in a cave o' the sea.  
He had great soul-thoughts floating in his eyes,  
Like ships gem-laden on an Indian ocean,  
And soft-voiced messengers, with gentle wings,  
Soared through his mind, and made him rich in fancies,  
As is a miser o'er his wealth of gold.

She loved to mark the lightning of his eye,  
And list the mighty thunder of his speech,  
That followed the electric fancy-storm,  
Even as loves the hardy mountaineer,  
Trained amid God's glory-haunted hills,  
To trace the storm that rides the Appenines,  
And bursts in fearful splendor at his feet.  
She hung upon his lips, as hangs the bee  
Upon the trembling rose-bud, flushed with sweets,  
Like Beauty leaning forward for the kiss,  
Of some impassioned lover, nectar-wild,  
Quaffing his honied breath. Her fingers toyed  
With his long locks of gold, that lay like waves  
Of yellow sun-curls dancing on the lea,  
Decking the bust of evening : and in each,  
With true-love's spiritual, dreamy eyes,  
She seemed to trace some intellectual thought,  
Some beauteous reflex of his glowing soul,  
In which his Prophet-spirit, Titan-like,  
Loomed up majestic, clothed with Virtue's robes,  
And he, the Adam of her Eve-like heart,  
To her eyes, seemed the embodiment of all  
The sterling mental manhood of the time,  
A golden mouthed Chrysostum, brimmed with Truth,  
And revelations of a coming age  
Replete with saving glory and deep Love.  
These Alpine heights were his, for he had struck  
From out their flinty sides a flame of song,  
That burned within the breasts of mountaineers,

And made them love their country more and more.  
But while he sung, triumphant as the lark,  
The tongue of Slander struck his spirit dumb—  
For these young Poets are as sensitive  
To pain, as the warm morning cloudlets are  
To the consuming splendor of the sun.  
Curs'd be the tongue that hurled the sland'rous shaft!  
Withered the lips that spake the sland'rous tale!  
For then his mind was strong, and in its strength  
He gloried, as a giant o'er the thew  
And sinew of his limbs. The sland'rer spake,  
And, lo! the stately man became a child!  
His mind, once full of bright imaginings,  
Became as gloomy as the murkiest eve  
That ever mingled with November's fog.  
Thoughts that had ransacked heaven fell to earth,  
Enfeebled with the fall. The eye that look'd  
Fearlessly on the virtuous of the world,  
That gazed admiringly upon the stars,  
And drank their wondrous beauty in deep draughts,  
Till it was drunken with delight, now quailed,  
And sought the ground. And yet the tale was false.  
But there was one who did believe it true;  
One who had leaned upon his heart of hearts,  
Like Innocence on Love. She thought it true.  
And he was left alone with his crush'd heart,  
To crawl mind-wounded through a cheerless world,  
Like a lost planet through infinity,  
Tortured with its unrest. He could have borne

'The curses of the world, and borne them well ;  
He could have grasped his troubles by the heel,  
And hurled them from him ; but for that one thought,  
That he was deemed unworthy of her love.  
But there are sunbeams in the icicles,  
Caloric in snow, and animalculæ  
In the hard rock ; and in one single germ  
Lie all creation's works in miniature :  
So in his heart one pulse of hope still beat,  
One solitary spark still burned beneath  
The ashes of his grief—her woman's love  
Had merely flickered in the world's foul breath.  
And knowing this, his heart was up again,  
Like a stout wrestler whom some sinewy arm  
Had humbled to his knees. The tale was false,  
And he had proved it in the sland'rer's teeth  
To be an upas offshoot, that had sprung  
From the fierce cravings of a jealous mind,  
And well nigh poisoned all their mutual hopes.  
As leaps the sun above the clouded morn,  
So rose the Poet-spirit of my friend  
Once more into the hopeful skies of day,  
From out the night of his intense despair.  
And there they live, content, in yonder vale ;  
Their dwelling is an altar reared to Faith ;  
'Tis built upon the spot which witnessed first  
The sweet reünion of their steadfast love.

Again, seest thou yon distant roof-top peer  
Above the cedars on the mountain side ?

Thence soared a noble soul unto his rest,  
While the strong throes of hope and future fame  
Passed through his mind like summer o'er the earth.  
To live, until the heart is warmed with youth,  
And then, like to a suddenly blasted flower  
In summer-time, to die and pass away—  
Oh! 't is a bitter and a solemn thought!  
What glowing hopes lay folded in the breast,  
Like honey in the fair, expanding bud!  
What burning thoughts leap through the throbbing brain,  
Like lightnings hidden in the noon-day cloud!  
So passed my student-friend unto his rest,  
In the warm summer of his manly youth.  
His springtime had been rich in blossoming,  
Giving great promise of his harvest days,  
When, with a vigorous will, and mind matured,  
The golded fruitage of his well-spent hours  
Would have been gathered in. Not his the fate  
That buffets with the stern and iron world,  
And winneth length of days; that wrests from fame  
The guerdon that awaits the victor-mind;  
That wrestles with great truths, till they become  
The ministers of his Titanic will;  
The buoyant wave that laves some fair, green isle,  
And passing on, strands on a granite rock,  
Flinging its wealth of pearl into the air,—  
This, rather was his doom. But he had won  
The meed of praise that waits the studious soul,  
Won the fond friendship of his fellow peers.

He was a Man, in all that constitutes  
The truest Manhood, in its strictest sense—  
A Man in the full stature of his mind.  
Religion was a well-spring in his breast,  
Whose waters were as pure as waves of light  
Rolling in volumes from the gleaming stars.  
His thoughts soared ever upward towards God,  
As soars the purifying flame to heaven.  
Philosophy, and heaven descended poesy,  
Within the sunny chambers of his mind  
Met, like fair handmaids, who had come to stay,  
And by their presence keep his spirit pure,  
And meet for the high calling unto which  
He would have given all his earthly days.  
But in the midst of Life, the spoiler, Death,  
Like a stern tyrant on his heartless round,  
Struck down the noble youth, and robbed his friends  
And fellow Students of their store of hopes.  
Far from his home he died.—No parent's eye  
Saw the last struggle of his manly breast;  
No sister's voice into his closing ears  
Poured the sad music of a last farewell.  
But there were loving hands to close his eyes;  
And there were loving hearts around, to feel  
The grief that enters at the door of death;  
And there were loving lips to pour the balm  
Of consolation on his chastened mind.  
He died, as dies the summer's crimson eve,  
When the rich sunset hangs its banners out

Above its palaces of cloud and sky—  
A death upon whose brow a radiant life  
Sits crowned,—the white-winged messenger of hope,  
Whose path is flashing with a sheen of gold.

BERTRAM.

I am ashamed to think you've caught me thus.  
You're an accomplished trapper.

LORENZO.

When I please.

But not a word upon the subject now ;  
The secret shall be kept. We will return ;  
There is a merry-making at the village,  
At which I must be present ; and to-morrow,  
You will commence your schooling, and become  
My fellow-student. Nature for our guide,  
Depend upon it we will learn far more  
Than any pair of bearding adepts did  
In those cold, formal universities,  
Where young men's heads are crammed like Christmas  
turkeys,  
Making them passive as a sweating group  
Of listless Dutchmen o'er their meerschaum pipes  
That deaden all their faculties of mind.







